The Bystander. No. 30. Vol. III. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29, 1904

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(See page 229)

THE BYSTANDER

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The Graphic Summer Number

1904.

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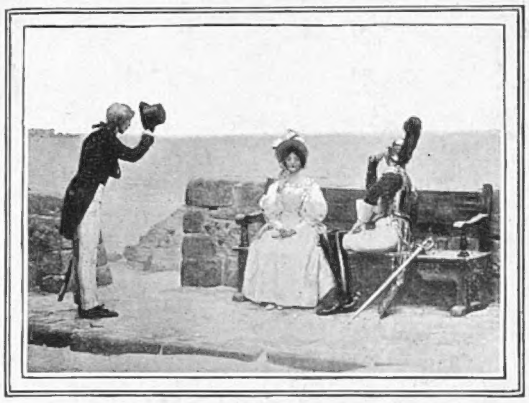

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Photo by *Bassano*

Lady Ida Sitwell

Sister of the Earl of Londesborough

No. 30.—Vol. III.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from his readers, but all such should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for return if unsuitable, and although every effort will be made to deal with MSS., photographs, or drawings, promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. Liberal payment will be made on publication for all accepted matter. Short stories of 1,000 to 3,000 words are acceptable, but in order to save inconvenience and disappointment, the Editor begs leave to state that bright and amusing fiction is preferred. News, and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers, will be immediately considered. All contributions should bear the owner's name and address. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, E.C.: The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn.

N.B.—We have received a large number of contributions without the necessary stamps enclosed for return. In future, all such will be consigned to the waste paper basket.

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should therefore be taken to correctly WEIGH AND STAMP all copies so forwarded.

Notice to our Subscribers

The Title Page and Index to Volume II. of THE BYSTANDER can be had free on application to the Publisher, Tallis Street, E.C., enclosing 1*d.* stamp to cover cost of postage

THE "GRAPHIC"

Amateur Photographic Competition

The previous Photographic Competitions have met with such great success, and have attracted so much interest amongst amateur photographers, who sent in many thousand contributions, that the Proprietors of THE GRAPHIC have decided to hold another competition, and to offer the following prizes:

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The prize photographs will be published in THE GRAPHIC, together with any others which the judges think worthy of special mention. The fee of One Guinea will be paid for each photograph reproduced, with the exception of the prize photographs. At the last competition a large number of photographs were selected by the judges for publication and special mention, in addition to the prize photographs.

RULES.

1. No competitor to send in more than six photographs, which must be mounted.
2. In every case a stamped addressed wrapper must be enclosed for the return of the photographs.
3. Acknowledgment will be made in THE GRAPHIC week by week of all photographs received.
4. Photographs will be received any time up to November 1, 1904.
5. The name and address of the sender and the title of the subject should be legibly written on the back of each photograph.
6. Photographs may represent either figures, landscapes, animals, architecture, &c.
7. Every endeavour will be made to return unused photographs, but the Manager will not hold himself responsible for loss or damage.
8. All communications to be addressed to the Manager of THE GRAPHIC Amateur Photographic Competition, THE GRAPHIC, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, London, E.C.

BYSTANDER'S NOTES

London: Wednesday

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By.

June 29, 1904

This journal is not (and never will be) a partisan of any one political party in the State. It has no axe to grind, and no favours to ask, and thus it is able to regard with impartiality the trend of affairs. We can, therefore, truthfully assert that every patriot—parenthetically, let us observe that a patriot is very different to the patriotic Englishman beloved of the *Daily Telegraph*—will rejoice at the result of the Devonport election.

This result shows a growing distaste of the present Government. A few months ago, when Parliament first met, the Ministerial Party were so torn with dissension that their hold of office seemed only a question of weeks, and had the Opposition shown any ability in their attack, there is little doubt but that the Liberals could now be occupying the Ministerial benches. But they let their opportunities slide, and Mr. Balfour, having dexterously succeeded in patching up the rift caused by the "Tariff Reform" controversy, the Unionist Party have been congratulating themselves upon a further lease of life. Now it is abundantly clear that the country is even more heartily sick of the present Ministry than it was a few months back. Nothing more decisive in a bye-election than the Devonport result has been seen for years. The Conservative candidate resides in the constituency, is a large employer of labour, and was thoroughly supported by his party. The Liberal was an utter stranger, brought in hastily at the last moment. Yet a small adverse Liberal minority was turned into a huge majority. Those adherents of the Government who are wont to brag about the nation's undiminished confidence in our present rulers have been effectually silenced.

The fact is—to use a vulgarism—the Ministerial supporters have not a leg to stand on in defence of their defeat. They cannot allege that Sir John Jackson was a bad candidate, neither can they argue that Devonport is a hotbed of Radicalism. The *Standard* was the only Conservative organ which displayed any frankness. Chinese labour, it admitted, had a deal to do with it. The Harmsworth contingent were wise enough to refrain from comment, but the patriotic *Daily Telegraph*, unable to conceal its chagrin, simply abused Mr. Benn, whom, in its elegant diction, it described as an "adventurous Cockney carpet-bagger." If this ill-bred description were true, the case would have been all the worse for the Government supporters, for even with such poor material as "an adventurous Cockney carpet-bagger" the Liberals simply soused the elect of the Tories. The *Telegraph* had better recognise that its sentiments are not so popular with the nation as they were once, and turn its coat once again while yet there is time.

But this is beside the mark. The point is, why are the electors of Great Britain—for the Government will be beaten wherever they fight—against the present Ministry? To commence with a negative, one may say that it is through no love of the present Liberal party. That party has shown no spirit and no ability. Even with the Government tottering, its members have not only failed to kill the monster, but have been consistently worsted in debate and in tactics. They ought to have had a programme ready to lay before the country, and not to rely, as they apparently are content to do, on merely disagreeing with everything the present Ministry propose.

But even a weak Liberal Administration would, obviously, in the opinion of the nation, be preferable to the disingenuous Mr. Balfour's Cabinet. For years the taxpayer has been bled on the strength of assurances which have never come to pass. South Africa is seething with discontent and is full of misery. The nation, when paying the price of the war, was solemnly assured that with peace would come prosperity, but now we learn again that prosperity can only come by importing Chinese labour, and even over this the country has been deceived. South Africa is a Frankenstein which, in spite of the vast outpourings of noble lives and millions of money, can only be made to pay by the importation of yellow labour!

And still our expenditure increases. The Chancellor of the Exchequer gives us no hope of retrenchment. Our Army is in a chaotic condition, and conscription is even hinted at as one means of avoiding the immense sums it eats up. What, indeed, have we got for our vast sacrifices of men and money except the knowledge that this old Man-of-the-Sea will continue to sit on our shoulders until we forcibly throw him down? No: the "patriotic Britisher" is a very different animal from the patriots of our youth, and John Bull has at last learnt this lesson. Sops to the Church, to the publican, and to the Rand mineowners have taught him the one word which describes his feelings towards the Government. It is this: DISTRUST. And he would, therefore, gladly welcome any change in his rulers. They could not be worse, and they might be better.

The Bystander in Parliament

The other day I saw a statement in the papers to the effect that skipping has become a fashionable form of exercise in some of the most select clubs, and it has occurred to me that if the practice were introduced into Parliament nothing but good could ensue. Other forms of amusement—golf, motoring, bird's-nesting, rat-catching, and so forth—take their devotees away from Westminster, but skipping is not open to this objection. For skipping is a form of bounding, and the experience of generations has shown that the bounder is quite at home in Parliament.

It is difficult, I know, to induce Parliament to take up any new idea, and therefore I feel it essential that at the very outset I should insist upon the undoubted antiquity of this custom. Adam skipped from the Garden of Eden, and so did Eve. It may not be true to say that Homer skipped, but all those who have tried to read the immortal productions of his pen have skipped, not only lines, but pages at a time. In the *Merchant of Venice*, Shakespeare refers to the "skipping spirit." The Psalmist describes the mountains as skipping like rams, and even Jeremiah—one of the least likely authorities to allude to anything savouring of wanton levity—mentions the custom.

After that, no one should question the antiquity of skipping. Moreover, it is nicely suited to Parliamentary methods. You can skip without advancing, and in Parliament the great aim is to combine a vast amount of exertion without getting "forrader." It is not essential, however, that the skipper shall retain the same position, for the great protagonist of the art asserts that there are three chief "steps" to be practised, namely (i) the forward step, (ii) the backward step, and (iii) the alternate step.

Note how skilfully these are adapted to politicians of all schools of alleged thought The forward step will suit the ardent Radical, who wants to go ahead; the backward is for the retrograde Tory, who wishes to retreat and to revert to the customs of his ancestors; while the alternate step will attract the gentleman of the cross-bench mind who always agrees to some extent with both sides of a question, and in many respects with neither. Thus all tastes are, or should be, satisfied, and if any politician is unable to fall in with any of the three steps suggested, he will find the rope useful for another purpose. By so using it he will signify his inability to make up his mind by remaining in a state of suspense, and illustrate the solemn truth well-known to all politicians described as "the swing of the pendulum."

The reader interested in politics need hardly be reminded of the fact that the great aim of every Opposition is to make the Government of the day to skip. It is always the opinion of the Opposition that, so far as the Government of the day is concerned, the "time has now arrived when some steps should be taken," when it should be made to clear out by leaps and bounds. At the present time I share that healthy desire, and thus we have a further incentive to the introduction of this salutary and saltatory exercise.

A great medical authority holds that "the active muscular exercise of skipping promotes full and frequent inflation of the lungs," and that this will be found to be "a potent adjuvant" in effecting the strengthening of the lungs. Now here we have perhaps the most obvious recommendation for the introduction of this form of exercise into the House. At present, the only method of strengthening the lungs is at the expense of your fellow-members. There is no lack of full and frequent inflation of the lungs, but this leads to what is amusingly termed "oratory."

Now skipping is, or may be, silent. There is no reason why all the members in the House should not be skipping at the same time. There is something almost sublime in the mere notion of getting all the members on the hop at the same time. What opportunities this presents for hon. and right hon. gentlemen to observe the ups and downs of life. To cure at one time the ravages of tuberculosis and of Parliamentary oratory, and to induce a spirit of philosophical contemplation, is a triumph indeed.

Members who have been some years in the House would make good skippers, for the exercise makes a considerable demand on the muscles of the legs, as is also the case in the Japanese method of training known as "jiu-jitsu." Well, the member of experience has, by constantly jumping up to catch the Speaker's eye, developed those leg muscles considerably, and thus he would be ready for skipping. Then, progressive skipping lends itself to a joyous method of passing through the division lobby. The ropes might become twisted round various gentlemen—indeed there would be an opportunity of seeing Joseph entangled. But really there is scarcely any limit to the advantage of the scheme.

Should any reader still remain unconvinced about the adaptability of skipping to the requirements of Parliamentary life, I need only add that it is claimed that this form of exercise induces a feeling of "lyric ecstacy." Now "lyric" means "pertaining to the lyre," and thus—but those who are conversant with the House of Commons will see what I mean at once.

S. L. H.

The Topictator

DEVONPORT ELECTION
J. WILLIAMS BENN (L) 6219
SIR JOHN JACKSON (C) 5179

"OLE MAN SQUINCH OWL DONE KOTCH NUDDER WATZIZNAME"
(UNCLE REMUS)

A NEW YORK PAPER DESCRIBES GERMANY AS THE ROBINSON CRUSOE OF WORLD POLITICS

ACH! ZOLITUDES, VHERE VOS DER SHARM?

THE MOTOR DERBY

JACQUES " AH! R-R-R-REVANCHE 'GOUVERNANT'!"
JOHN " HA! HA! CERTAINMONG WEE! BOWKOO!"

A MR JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN APPEARED AT NORTH LONDON TO ANSWER A CHARGE OF ASSAULT. THE MAGISTRATE DECIDED, HOWEVER, THAT THE PROSECUTOR ACCEPTED A CHALLENGE TO FIGHT AND WAS WORSTED. CASE DISMISSED

"LOOK AT THAT, AUSTEN,—ONLY DONT APPEAR TO-STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER. HE MUST BE RELATED IN SOME WAY TO US."

IT IS SAID THAT LORD HAWKE KEEPS A MARK BOOK IN WHICH HE RECORDS THE MISTAKES AND SUCCESSES OF HIS TEAM

"WILFRID, I SHALL GIVE YOU TWO BAD MARKS FOR YOUR EXCELLENT 19b. MANY A GOOD BOWLER HAS BEEN SPOILT BY LEARNING TO BAT"

PEOPLE OF INTEREST

H.H. The Raja Rana of Jhalawar

It would appear as though the splendid premises of THE BYSTANDER, in Tallis Street, had gradually taken rank among the show places of London, so often have we been favoured with visits from foreign potentates who are making the grand tour of the Metropolis. His Alakeship has already expressed, in unintelligible but unmistakable terms, his appreciation of the many wonders on view in the building. No less enthusiastic in his demeanour than the ruler of Abeokuta, was His Highness the Raja Rana of Jhalawar, who recently honoured us with a call. Jhalawar is one of the ten Rajputana States of India. It has an area of 3,043 square miles, and a population of close upon 500,000. The Raja Rana, while in this country, has for his political Achates Major R. A. E. Benn, of the Indian Political Department, late His Majesty's Consul for Seistan and Kain. The Raja Rana and Major Benn were recently received by the King, who invested the latter with the insignia of a Companion of the order of the Indian Empire.

Photo by *Langfier*

His Highness Raja Rana Bawani Singh of Jhalawar, and Major Benn, C.I.E.

Who were recently presented to His Majesty. While in London, His Highness did us the honour of inspecting our new premises, and evinced great interest in the various processes by which THE BYSTANDER is produced

King Otto

The mad King Otto of Bavaria, the recurring rumour of whose approaching end has lately been revived, is in his fifty-sixth year, and has been hopelessly insane more than half his life. He has never realised his own royal position: for when his predecessor and brother, Ludwig II., drowned himself three days after being deposed on the ground of insanity,

Otto had already been many years in confinement and the only sign of understanding he gave when his succession was formally announced to him, was an apparent, childish pleasure at being addressed as "Your Majesty." He is, like his brother, of huge stature, and was in his early youth the darling of the people of Bavaria; but the doubts of his sanity, which had become general, were confirmed, when on a terrible day the Prince approached the High Altar, during the celebration of the Mass in the Church of Our Lady at Munich, and declared, in the presence of a great congregation, that he wished to perform the ceremony himself. In 1872 he was publicly declared insane: in 1886 he came to the Throne. Before his madness became known, he took part in the Campaign of 1866, and was at headquarters in the Franco-Prussian war.

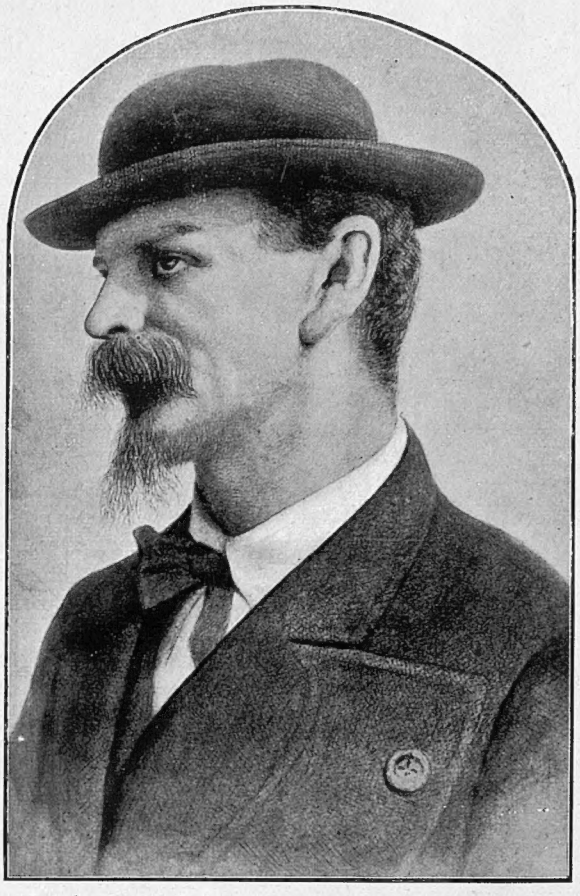

Photo by Max Stuffler *From a drawing*

The Mad King Otto of Bavaria

The rumour of whose approaching end has lately been revived

Two Fair Concert Singers

Miss Katherine and Miss Auriol Jones, whose portraits we give, are certainly no novices in the world of Music and Song, as they have frequently sung and played at concerts at St. James's Hall and Queen's Hall. Miss Katherine Jones, whose voice is an exceedingly fine contralto, studied under Miss Nellie Rowe, the well-known Australian singer, and has recently returned from a tour in Canada and South Africa with Madame Albani, where she has at every turn met with a most gratifying reception. Miss Jones has also sung before the Prince and Princess of Wales, who take a great interest in this promising young singer. Miss Auriol Jones, who is a pupil of Mr. Edward Danreuter, has gained many prizes for pianoforte playing, among which are an open scholarship at the Royal College of Music, the Challen Gold Medal, and the Brinsmead piano prize. She has also had the honour of winning the Gold Medal presented by Rajah Sir Surandro Tagore, in commemoration of the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales. On June 28 these young

Miss Daisy Auriol Jones

An accomplished pianiste who has gained many prizes, among them an open scholarship at the Royal College of Music, the Challen Gold Medal, and the Brinsmead piano prize

Miss Katherine Jones

A fine contralto singer, who has recently returned from a tour in Canada and South Africa with Mme. Albani

Photo by *P. Boyer*

Mme. Georgette Leblanc

The talented wife of Maurice Maeterlinck, the Belgian philosopher and playwright. Mme. Leblanc is at present in England, and shortly will give dramatic recitals, at Bechstein Hall, from her husband's plays.

ladies are to give a concert at South Lodge, Rutland Gate, the residence of Lord and Lady Llangattock.

Lady Ida Sitwell

Lady Ida Sitwell prides herself not a little on the fact that she is a genuine Yorkshirewoman, all her associations being intimately connected with England's greatest county; her brother's, Lord Londesborough's, estates are situated in the East Riding, while her husband, Sir George Sitwell, has twice been member of Parliament for Scarborough, near to which is Belvoir House, the charming country residence where he and Lady Ida spend much of their time.

Lady Ida Sitwell is a tall woman, dark, with well-cut, handsome features. She is an ardent adherent of the Conservative party, and has done a great deal to promote the interests of the cause in and about her Yorkshire home, many of her entertainments being mainly political. Her husband is a cultured man, with literary tastes, having written several treatises on historical subjects; he is also much interested in the revival of the "formal" garden in England.

The Mistress of Haddo House

Lady Aberdeen is one of the most versatile of great ladies. In the Scottish city, from which her distinguished husband takes his title, she is known as the hospitable and kindly mistress of Haddo House, and in the Granite City many wonderful tales are told concerning the way in which she, Lord Aberdeen, and their clever children, interpret their theories of practical socialism. The mistress of Haddo House has long felt that the domestic problem is only to be solved in one way, that is by treating those "below the salt" both as human beings and as friends. Her servants accordingly share as much as is possible in all the pleasures and interests of their master and mistress. In London, Lady Aberdeen is known as the great Liberal hostess, and in Ireland as a popular ex-Vicereine, for she has retained her deep interest in the Emerald Isle.

Photo by *Kate Pragnell*

The Countess of Aberdeen

The Countess was one of the ladies who attended the International Women's Congress at Berlin, and her lectures there were largely attended.

The Rose Queen of Montmartre

At last Montmartre, jealous of the laurels of Nanterre, has her Rosière, or Rose Queen. To those who know Montmartre only as the home of the Moulin Rouge and other similar establishments, the choice of a Montmartre maiden for the reception of a prize of virtue as a wedding gift may seem peculiar; but upon the hilltop, well above—above in every sense—the Montmartre which caters for the tripper, is a small colony of workers, who descend in their hundreds into town each day, live quiet, peaceful lives, and are in every respect well worthy of the Rose Queen's crown. One of these damsels, Mademoiselle Louise Lavigne, a student for the operatic stage, has been elected as their queen by her companions, and will be crowned on Sunday, July 3. The coronation will be followed by Mademoiselle Lavigne's wedding to the husband of her choice. The municipality of Montmartre will provide a purse for the bridal pair's first start in housekeeping, and all Montmartre, tricked out in early nineteenth century costumes, will patrol the whole parish and make merry. Paris has never seen such a bridal procession as will follow Mademoiselle Lavigne and her young husband to the altar, for there will be a full dozen cars behind her, on which students from all the schools, both of Montmartre and the Latin Quarter, will enact scenes from Henri Mürger's *Vie de Bohème*. The Rose Queen is a charming blonde, blue-eyed and golden-haired, and comes from Dax, down in the South of France. She has been in Montmartre but eight months, but in

Photo by *Cameron Studio*

Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, wife of the Colonial Secretary

Mrs. Lyttelton's powerful play, *Warp and Woof*, on the subject of dressmakers' hours and wrongs, caused no little sensation recently, on its production at the Camden Theatre by Mrs. Patrick Campbell

Photo by *Gjörup*

Dr. Sven Hedin

The well-known Swedish explorer, who is the great authority on Tibet. Dr. Hedin recently expressed his disapproval of the British Mission to Tibet in the strongest terms

Mademoiselle Lavigne

The Rose Queen of Montmartre, whose coronation on July 3, will be followed by her wedding, which will be attended by all the inhabitants of the hill of the Sacré Cœur, dressed in early nineteenth century costumes

that time has won the hearts of all her fellow-workers of the hillside.

Admiral Sir John Fisher

The appointment of Admiral Sir John Fisher to be Senior Lord of the Admiralty from next October is greeted on all sides with approval. "Fighting Jackie," as he is known in the Navy, certainly holds a place, and no very small one, in the hearts of his subordinates; for, stern disciplinarian as he is known to be, on many occasions has he revealed what a good, tender heart beats under the rough exterior. In appearance, he is a sailor to his finger-tips—thick-set, sturdy, with a resolute, inscrutable face, which, nevertheless, sometimes relaxes into a boyish smile. There are many interesting anecdotes told of this bluff old sailor. "Tell ——," he said one day, referring to a captain who pleaded that he could not reach a certain place on a certain date, "that if he is not ready to leave for —— on the day named, I'll have him towed there." And the following makes a very good contrast, showing, as it does, an entirely different side of the man's character. "A ball was given on his flagship while in American waters, at which a young and very pretty American girl was present. Sir John was soon introduced and begged for some dances, but her programme was already nearly filled up. Nothing daunted, the Admiral took it, and, calmly erasing several names, filled up the blanks with his own. The young lady was so delighted with his calm audacity, that she threw over her would-be partners and danced with Sir John instead."

Sir John Jackson

Who was defeated in the Devonport bye-election by Mr. Williams Benn. The Liberal majority was 1040

A Prominent Polo player: The Marquess of Waterford

Our photograph was taken at Hurlingham, on the occasion of the Lords v. Commons Polo match The Marquess, who married the youngest daughter of Lord Lansdowne, owns about 66,700 acres

The Decay of Hospitality*

By MARIE CORELLI

There is an old song, a very old song, the refrain of which runs thus: "'Twas merry in the hall, when the beards wagged all, We shall never see the like again, again!—We shall never see the like again!" Whether there was anything particularly hilarious in the wagging of beards, we may not feel able to determine, but there is unquestionably a vague sense of something festive and social conveyed in the quaint lines. We feel, without knowing why, that it was, it *must* have been, "merry in the hall" at the distant period alluded to,—while at the present time we are daily and hourly made painfully aware that whether it be in hall, drawing-room or extensive "reception gallery," the merriment formerly so well sung and spoken of exists no longer. The Harp that once through Tara's Halls—no!—I mean the Beards that once wagged in the Hall, wag no more. Honest laughter has given place to the nanny-goat sniggering bleat now common to polite society, and understood to be the elegantly trained and "cultured" expression of mirth. The warm hand-shake has, in a very great measure, degenerated into the timorous offer of two or three clammy fingers extended dubiously, as with a fear of microbes. And Hospitality, large-hearted, smiling, gracious Hospitality, is dead and wrapped in its grave-clothes, waiting in stiff corpse-like state for its final burial. Public dinners, public functions of all kinds,—in England at any rate,—are merely so many funeral feasts in memory of the great defunct virtue. Its spirit has fled,—and there is no calling it back again. The art of entertaining is lost,—together with the art of conversation. And when our so-called "friends" are "at home," we are often more anxious to find reasons for declining rather than for accepting their invitations, simply because we know that there is no real "at home" in it, but merely an "out-of-home" arrangement, in which a mixed crowd of people are asked to stand and swelter in an uneasy crush on staircases and in drawing-rooms, pretending to listen to music which they can scarcely hear, and scrambling for tea which is generally too badly made to drink. Indeed, it may be doubted whether of all the various ludicrous social observances in which our progressive day takes part, there is anything quite so sublimely idiotic as a smart "At Home" in London during the height of the season. Nothing certainly presents men and women in such a singularly unintelligent aspect. Their faces all wear more or less the same expression of forced amiability,—the same civil grin distorts their poor mouths—the same wondering and weary stare afflicts their tired straining eyeballs—and the same automatic arm-movement and hand-jerk works every unit, as each approaches the hostess in the conventional manner enjoined by the usages of that "cultured" hypocrisy which covers a multitude of lies. Sheep, herding in a field and cropping the herbage in the comfortable unconsciousness that they are eating merely to be eaten, are often stated to be the silliest of animals,—but whether they are sillier than the human beings who consent to be squashed together in stuffy rooms where they can scarcely move, under the sham impression that they are "at home" with a friend, is a matter open to question. Of course to some minds it may be, and no doubt is, extremely edifying to learn by the society papers that Mrs. So-and-So, or Lord and Lady Thingummy will "entertain a great deal this season." People who have no idea what this kind of "entertaining" means, may have glittering visions thereof. They may picture to themselves scenes of brilliancy where "a thousand hearts beat happily, and when, Music arose with its voluptuous swell, Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again, And all went merry as a marriage-bell!" Only these things do not happen. Anything but love is "looked" from soft eyes and hard eyes equally;—derision, contempt, indifference, dejection, malice, and (so far as champagne, ices and general messy feeding are concerned) greed, light up these "windows of the soul" from time to time during the progress of such festivities; but love, never! The women are far too busy finding standing-room wherein to show themselves and their newest frocks off to advantage, to waste any moment in mere sentiment, and it is a Christianly beautiful sight to see how the dear things who wear the dressmaker's latest "creations" elbow and push and hustle and tread on the toes of their sisters who are less highly favoured than themselves in the matter of mere clothes. As for the men,—if they have, by dint of hard exertion, managed to get in at the "crush," and near enough to the hostess to bow and touch her hand, their sole attention henceforward becomes concentrated on the business of getting out again as rapidly as possible. For let it be said to the praise, honour and glory of the sterner sex, that taken in the rough majority, they detest the fashionable "At Home," with vigorous and honest intensity,—and unless they are of that degenerate class who like to be

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seen hanging round some notoriously press-puffed "professional beauty," or some equally notoriously known leader of the Smart Set, they are seldom seen at such gatherings. They feel themselves to be incongruous and out of place,—and so they are. "At Homes" are curious sort of social poultry-yards, where the hens have it all their own way, and do most distinctly crow.

But if "At Homes" are bad enough, the smart, the very smart dinner-party is perhaps a little worse in its entire lack of the true hospitality which, united to grace and tact and ready conversation, should make every guest feel that his or her presence is valuable and welcome. A small private dinner, at which the company are some six or eight persons at most, is sometimes (though not by any means always) quite a pleasant affair, but a 'big' dinner in the 'big' sense of the word, is generally the most painful and dismal of functions, except to those for whom silent gorging and after repletion are the essence of all mental and physical joy. I remember—and of a truth it would be impossible to forget—one of these dinners which took place last season in a very "swagger" house—the house of a member of that old British nobility whose ancestors and titles always excite a gentle flow of saliva in the mouths of snobs. The tables—there were two,—were, to use the formal phrase, "laid for forty covers"—that is to say that each table accommodated twenty guests. The loveliest flowers, the most priceless silver, the daintiest glass, adorned the festive boards,—everything that taste could suggest or wealth supply, had its share in the general effect of design and colour,—the host was at the head of one table,—the hostess at the other—and between-whiles a fine string band discoursed the sweetest music. But with it all there was no real hospitality. We might as well have been seated at some extra-luxurious table-d'hôte in one of the "Kur" houses of Austria or Germany, paying so much per day for our entertainment. Any touch of warm and kindly feeling was altogether lacking; and to make matters worse, a heavy demon brooded over the brave outward show of the feast,—a demon with sodden grey wings that refused to rise and soar,—the demon of a hopeless, irremediable Stupidity! Out and alas!—here was the core of the mischief! For sad as it is to lack Heart in the entertaining of our friends, it doubles the calamity to lack Brain as well! Our host was stupid;—dull to a degree unimaginable by those who do not know what some lordly British aristocrats can be at their own tables,—our hostess, a beautiful woman, was equally stupid, being entirely engrossed with herself and her own bodily charms, to the utter oblivion of the ease and well-being of her guests. What a meal it was! How interminably it dragged its slow length along! What small hydraulic bursts of meaningless talk spurted out between the entrées and the game!—talk to be either checked by waiters proffering more food, or drowned in the musical growling of the band! I believe one man hazarded a joke,—but it was not heard,—and I know that a witty old Irish peer told an anecdote which was promptly "quashed" by a dish of asparagus being thrust before him just as he was, in the richest brogue, arriving at the "point." But as nobody listened to him, it did not matter. Nobody does listen to anybody or anything nowadays at social functions. Everybody talks with insane, babbling eagerness, apparently indifferent as to whether they are heard or not. Any amount of people ask questions and never think of waiting for the answers. Should any matters, small or great, require explanation, scarce a soul has the patience or courtesy to attend to such explanation or to follow it with any lucidity or comprehension. It is all hurry-skurry, helter-skelter, and bad, shockingly bad, manners.

I am given to understand that Americans, and Americans alone, retain and cherish the old-fashioned grace of Hospitality, which is so rapidly becoming extinct in Great Britain. I would fain believe this, but of myself I do not know. I have had no experience of social America, save such as has been freely and cordially taught me by Americans in London. Some of these have indeed proved that they possess the art of entertaining friends with real friendly delight in the grace and charm and mutual help of social intercourse,—others again, by an inordinate display of wealth, and a feverish yearning for the Paragraph-Man (or Woman), have plainly shown that Hospitality is, with them, a far less concern than Notoriety. However this may be, no sane person will allow that it is "hospitality" to ask a number of friends into your house and there keep them all standing because you have managed that there shall be no room to sit down, while strong half-cold tea and stale confectionery are hastily dispensed among them. It is not "hospitality" to ask people to dinner, and never speak a word to them all the evening, because you, if a man, are engaged upon your own little "business affair," or, if a woman, are anxious not to lose hold of your special male flatterer. If friends are invited they should surely be welcomed in the manner friendly, and made to feel at home by the personal attention of both host and hostess. It is not "hospitality" to turn them loose in bewildered droves through grounds or gardens, to listen to a band which they have no doubt heard many times before,—or to pack them all into a stuffy room to be "entertained" by a professional musician whom they could hear to much more comfortable and independent advantage by paying for stalls at the legitimate concert hall. What do we really mean by Hospitality? Surely we mean friendship, kindness, personal interest, and warm-hearted openness of look and conduct,—and all of these are deplorably missing from the "smart" functions of up-to-date society in London, whatever the state of things may be concerning this antique virtue in New York and Boston. It would appear that the chief ingredients of Hospitality are manners,—for as Emerson says: "Manners are the *happy way* of doing things." This "happy way" is becoming very rare. Society, particularly the "Upper Ten" society,—is becoming, quite noticeably, very rude. Some of the so-called "smartest" women are notoriously very vulgar. Honesty, simplicity, sympathy, and delicacy of feeling are, or seem to be, as much out of date as the dainty poems of Robert Herrick, and the love-sonnets of Sir Philip Sidney. Time goes on, say the iconoclasts—and we must go with it—we must, if our hurrying civilisation requires it, pass friends by with a cool nod, mock at the vices of the

young, and sneer at the failings of the old;—we are all too busy to be courteous,—too much in a hurry grabbing gold to be kind, and much too occupied with ourselves to be thoughtful of others. So let us bury Hospitality decently once and for all, and talk no more about it! It was a grand old Virtue!—let us inter it with honour,—and cease to hold our funeral feasts and entertainments in its name. For, being dead, 'tis dead and done with,—and amid all our twentieth-century shams, let us at least drop, for shame, our base imitations of the great-souled splendid Grace that was meant to link our lives more sweetly together, to engender love, and to make home more home-like. For nowadays, few of us are simple and truthful enough in our lines of conduct even to understand Hospitality in its real meaning. "Between simple and noble persons,"—says a great philosopher—"there is always a quick intelligence; they recognise at sight; and meet on a better ground than the talents and skills they may chance to possess, namely, on sincerity and uprightness." Sincerity and uprightness are the very fibre and life-blood of true Hospitality. But the chief canon of modern society is hypocrisy to begin with. Insincerity and lack of principle naturally follow, with their usual accompaniment, moral cowardice,—and so men and women sneak and crawl, and flatter base persons for what they can get, and reject all chances of faithful friendship for mere ephemeral show. Under such conditions as these, what can good old Hospitality do but draw its last breath with a gentle sigh of expiring sorrow for the mistaken world which prefers a lie to a truth, and still to this day crucifies all its loving would-be redeemers on miserable Calvarys of desolation! No happiness does it gain thereby, but only increased bitterness and weariness,—and the fact that all our social customs have greatly changed since the old time when households were wisely ruled and very simply ordered, is no advantage to the general social community. We may, if we choose,—(and we very often do so choose,) fly from one desire to another and thence to satiety, and back again from satiety to desire, but we shall never, in such pursuit, find the peace engendered by simplicity of life, or the love and lasting joy inspired by that honourable confidence in one another's best and noblest attributes, which should frankly and openly set the seal on friendship, and should make Hospitality a glad duty as well as a delight. "Old-fashioned" as it may be, no new fashion can ever replace it.

Marie Corelli.

Next Week, the subject of Miss Marie Corelli's Article will be "Why American Women are Popular in England."

Street Decorations in Tokyo in commemoration of Japanese Victories

From the highest to the lowest subject, the Japanese are intensely patriotic, and no one is too poor to purchase flags and flowers with which to decorate his home in honour of his fighting comrades

Without Apology

Motto for cricket captain: Examine the pitch—and toss.

Rumours of resignation are again being whispered in political circles. Such rumours, however, are not infrequent; perhaps resignation is most common when either Sir Frederick Banbury or Mr. Jesse Collings rises to speak.

The *Daily Mirror* asks, How long is it since prize-fighting was stopped in England? The simplest way for our contemporary to obtain an answer to its question is by making inquiries in the neighbourhood of Regent Street as to the date of the last remnant sale.

The proprietors of a well-known soap advertise it as follows:

4s. 9d.
HUMOUR
CURE

We respectfully recommend this specific to the consideration of Mr. Justice Darling.

London Opinion has been giving a list of the accomplishments of Mr. C. B. Fry. Literature, journalism, sport were touched upon, as was also classical learning. There was, however, no reference made to music, and yet, than Mr. Fry, we know no one better able to produce a score.

An evening paper has the following:

KITCHENMAID (single-handed). £12-£13.—Particulars, Mrs. H.

We had always approved of single-minded, single-eyed, and single kitchen maids. We doubt, however, whether the efficiency of these "young ladies"—we believe this is the correct term—would be increased by their being single-handed. It occurs to us, also, that it might be difficult to find anyone with the necessary lack of hands. The advertiser might, however, communicate with the King of the Belgians. Some of his agents in West Africa could possibly assist.

"Unclassified" advertisement in *Bargains*:

WANTED, English officials, Admiralty, Army Office Works, Royal Household, and King's Inland Revenue. N——, 29, F—— Road, Southsea.

This gentleman totally eclipses the baby who cried for the moon. He wants *five* heavenly bodies.

Humanitarians are grumbling at the arrest of some street-urchins for gambling. The winner was to spend the losers' capital in Italian ice-cream. This is illogical of the Humanitarians. Surely imprisonment is more humane than death?

It is reported that Beri-beri has broken out amongst the Chinese miners. We should have been better pleased to hear that it had been found possible to bury-bury the mine owners.

If Mr. Arnold Forster leaves the War Office, he will not do so because he is inefficient, but because he thinks for himself. Promotion, therefore, need not be anticipated in his case.

Last week, the Leeds Physical Culture Society told us that a bare head cures all ills. Now, a doctor tells us that bare heads invite disease. This caps everything.

Of an artist, *Pall Mall Gazette* remarks: "Albeit he is *still young*, he has had experience. . . . His studio was burnt out some *twenty-seven years ago*." And yet we hear about "Too old at forty."

Proper Exercise

[According to "Chic," housework is by far the healthiest exercise that a lady can indulge in.]

If the world seems dark, dear Madam, and you don't feel very well,
If your enervated system needs correction,
If a month or two of dances has at last begun to tell
On the freshness of your exquisite complexion;
Oh! seek not on the cricket field to drive the ball for four,
Oh! sport not on the tennis court or river!
It's far more healthy exercise to scrub the kitchen floor,
And extremely beneficial to the liver.

If you've any commonsense at all you will not care a rap
For the prejudice that stultifies your neighbours.
For an hour or so a day you'll don an apron and a cap,
And join the under housemaid in her labours.
And you'll have the joy of knowing that you'll banish once for all
What an advertiser calls "that tired feeling,"
As your energetic broom sweeps out the dining-room and hall,
Or extirpates the cobwebs on the ceiling.

It will seem a little odd at first if Lady Clara Jones,
On calling, asks "Is Mrs. Verrey Ritch in?"
And your grave and stately butler says in supercilious tones,
"She's shining up the saucepans in the kitchen."
But never mind appearances. In this the matter ends,
While cleaning up the house is your vocation,
The Lady Clara spends her time in cleaning out her friends,
And yours is far the healthier occupation.

THE UNLUCKY SPORTSMAN OR MORE THAN HUMAN NATURE

"At the Sign of the Times"

ON HUMOUR AT ABERDEEN AND ELSEWHERE

Infandum, Alake, jubes renovare dolorem

East is East and West is West, and I wonder what impressions of this country the Alake will be carrying back with him to Abeokuta? Will he remember the Zoo best, or his interview with the King, or the cotton factories, or Madame Tussaud's? Or will he brood over what the papers agreed in regarding as the regrettable incident at Aberdeen? It was there that a straw hat, belonging to someone else, was placed upon his head by the students, that his robe, regarded by himself and, no doubt, by many Abeokutans, as sacred, was torn, and that in high dudgeon he refused lunch at the Lord Provost's.

The Merriment of Aberdeen

A lost meal—Mr. Meredith has somewhere written it—can never properly be made up; and it is likely that a robe as splendid as the Alake's is not easily mended, apart from its sanctity. Yet for what the Alake suffered, there may be some compensation in the thought that he saw at Aberdeen that spirit of merry licence which is of the essence of the West he came to see.

What Kings See

Kings on their travels do not always find what they set out for. Lord Mayors and cotton-machines; high dignitaries and splendid ceremonials—these are always on view for the asking. But the more characteristic things, such as this students' humour, which treats the highest dignitaries and the most splendid ceremonials without ceremony, may only be seen at certain times and in certain places. So that the Alake was fortunate, if he did but know it. The deduction from his refusal to partake of the luncheon is that he did not know it, which is a pity.

The Place of Humour in Public Affairs

It is a pity because, as I say, humour is at least as characteristic of our country as cotton-spinning, or ought to be, and an unsuccessful attempt to show it off is apt to react upon those who made the effort. Also, what can the Alake know of England—or Scotland—if he does not realise its humorous side? He may be content—with what he has seen of our municipal affairs and such things—not to miss it. But we cannot be content that it should escape notice. For that must mean that it is losing force, yielding place to the solemn and the dignified, exchanging its mummers for mayors. And the disappearance of all humour from public events would point to a general decline and fall imminent.

The Value of a Practical Joke

Nobody of course would maintain that the sticking of someone else's straw hat on the head of a foreign potentate constitutes the highest, or in fact a very high act of humour. It comes uncommonly near to being a practical joke, which the professors of humour condemn. But I cannot help thinking that there is in it something at least as natural and refreshing as there is—let us say—in a Mayor and Corporation presenting an address to a foreign potentate, or a loyal welcome which he cannot read. And, in any case, practical jokes are better than no jokes at all. There is so much that is serious even in this merry West.

Cry of the Children

It is very right to be serious at times (and perhaps in the *Times*), but why—to take an unnecessary case—why should the *Daily Chronicle*, when it is anxious to be pathetic about the lack of schools in the Transvaal, lead off with the heading—"Thousands of Eager Children Awaiting Education." It suggests such a sombre picture of the little Boers with their little satchels ready and their little slate-pencils sharpened, waiting, waiting with hungry eyes for the teacher that never comes. Children are so like that, particularly boys. Only one did hope that the days of Sandford and Merton were past.

A Novel Story

Why again should the *Rapid Review* take the pains to tell me—amongst other readers of its inimitable pages—the following story about the Crown Prince of Japan? . . .

> On one occasion, while out for a country tramp, he overtook an old infirm woman trudging painfully up a hill. Going up to her with a smile he handed her his stick to assist her, and told her to keep it as a little present from him. It is such kindly acts as this which have made him so popular with his people.

It is an admirable story, and no doubt it is painfully true. But, quite apart from the last sentence, which is so very, very familiar, I cannot help wishing that there was left in the world one Crown Prince who had not gone up to an old and infirm woman, and handed her his stick—with a smile.

Mr. Gilbert's "Mikado"

Though every young journalist who lands in Tokyo immediately cables home to say that Mr. Gilbert's *Mikado* is not true to life—a delusion under which, apparently, every young journalist before he landed in Tokyo used to labour—I doubt if Mr. Gilbert is more remote from reality than much of the information that comes through to us. I am not referring to the various captures of Port Arthur. I am speaking of the accounts of the Japanese in their homes, in their public and private creeds. The Trail of the Poster is over most of it, whereas Mr. Gilbert is frankly historical.

MINIMUS.

THE CURSE OF THE CONGO:

ATROCIOUS MISRULE OVER THE NATIVES

By the REV. H. GRATTAN GUINNESS, D.D., F.R.A.S., F.R.G.S.

(Dr. Grattan Guinness is one of the first authorities on the internal administration of the Congo. He has been, from the first, most ardent in throwing a vivid light on the atrocities which take place in the "Free State.")

No further proof of Congo maladministration is needed than has been afforded quite recently by the debate which took place in the House of Commons, in which, with terrible unanimity, both sides of the House joined in eloquent denunciation of the system and practices of the Congo Government.

I was glad to notice that the reply to Mr. Casement's "Report," on the part of M. De Cuvelier, representing the official view of the Brussels authorities, had not had the slightest effect in modifying the position of our members of Parliament. The arguments put forward were too palpable to mislead anyone whose knowledge of Congo affairs was not of a surface character.

If further evidence of the inability of the Congo Government to justify its actions were needed, it was afforded by the speech delivered by Mr. Head, their chosen representative, in the recent debate held in St. James's Hall. The crowd saw through his sophistries, and treated his arguments at their true value. The enthusiastic approval accorded to the general position of the Congo Reform Association, as maintained by myself, indicated the unmistakable decision of the audience.

A Victim of Sentries

The coloured sentries, who force the rubber traffic for various companies, are armed with guns—the irresponsible and brutal use of which causes such wounds as this one described by Consul Casement

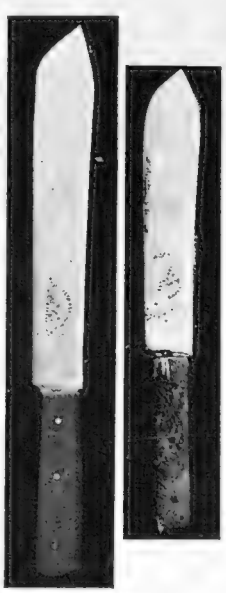
It might interest some of your readers to see photographs of two knives exhibited by me at this meeting. They had been actually paid to the natives in the Abir Concession, on the Upper Congo, as wages for a fortnight's hard work (at the rate, not of forty hours per month—as arranged for on paper by the "laws" of the State—but at the rate rather of forty hours per week). This native labour resulted in enormous profit to the Society in question (and to the Congo Government, which holds fifty per cent. of the shares), as the reader will perceive from a letter which I received, together with the articles in question, from His Majesty's Consul, Mr. Casement.

The alternative to this unceasing labour imposed on the poor people is the "chicotte"—a long strip of twisted hippopotamus hide, with which the defaulters are flogged. To be behind in the rubber collection is the only mortal sin for these natives, and they may pay for it even with their lives—as so many have done!

To compare the taxation of the natives under British rule with that of the down-trodden inhabitants of the Congo, is to see at once the nature of the tyranny which is rapidly depopulating large regions of the Upper River. The "taxation" in the district of Monsembe, for instance, has been, until a few months ago, more than thirty-one times as great as that to which the natives in the Sierra Leone Protectorate have been subjected. If the latter has, by many, been considered excessive, what shall be said of the former? But let me give the Consul's letter:

Another Victim

The poor lad's arm has been shot so badly by a sentry, that the forearm and hand are now only withered appendages



Congo Wages

Two knives, costing 2½d. and 1½d. respectively, which were actually given with the string of beads seen on the next page, as payment to natives for a fortnight's hard work

And yet Another

This picture represents Epondo, the poor mutilated lad, whose hand was cut off by the native sentry, Kalengo, in connection with forcing the rubber traffic for the La Lulanga Company, Upper Congo

Ballycastle, May 16, 1904.

DEAR DR. GUINNESS,—

These curiosities I am sending you for your Congo Museum will, I am sure, interest you and your Mission greatly.

They come from close to Bongandanga, at which, as you know, I received so much kindness from Mr. and Mrs. Jeffrey when I was last year up the Congo.

And then, in themselves, they have a special interest for you and for all interested in the Congo.

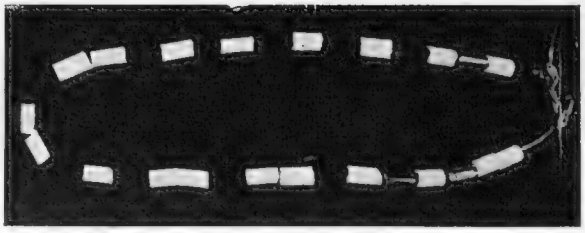
The two knives and the string of beads represent payments made to some of the natives of Bavaka, a village I visited on September 1, last year, with Mr. Jeffrey, when I was at Bongandanga — as reward for their fortnightly supply of rubber.

I saw many men being paid these knives in the A.B.I.R. grounds the previous Saturday at the "Market," and when I found the owners of these specimens in Bavaka, I was anxious to find out what actual value these goods had in the eyes of their possessors.

For the large knife I gave its owner twenty-five teaspoonfuls of salt; for the smaller knife only six teaspoonfuls of salt, with the empty bottle. The beads came from another man standing by, and he was delighted to part with his fortnight's "wages" for five teaspoonfuls of salt. The name of the owner of the bigger knife was Djangi—a big, strong fellow. He said his basket of rubber had been full, which means he brought fully three kilogrammes (six lbs). He was delighted with his twenty-five spoonfuls of salt, poor fellow, and ultimately came a long part of the road back with Mr. Jeffrey and myself to show us a short cut home—his last words to me being "Don't forget me. I'm named Djangi."

Knife No. 2 I bought from a fine young fellow of about twenty-one, named Ilongo. He said he would gladly sell his knife for fifteen rods (7½d.) but as I had only a small bottle of salt with me, I offered him it. It held then just six teaspoonfuls, and he was overjoyed with that quantity and the empty bottle.

The string of beads I saw with a young fellow who gave me his name as Lolongu. He, like the knife men, had got it at the previous rubber market, and when I said he did not seem to have received such handsome payment as the others, the boy said with a shy smile—"No, my basket was not so full as theirs."



Cheap Finery for Slavery

The string of beads, worth ¾d., actually received, with the knives shown on the preceding page, by some natives of Bavaka as the sole payment for their fortnightly supply of rubbe worth £2

A child victim of Congo sentries

A little boy of about six years of age whose hand was cut off when one year of age. This took place on the occasion of the murder of his mother by one of the sentries, who, by his terrorism, was endeavouring to increase the rubber supply of his employers. Case described in the Consular report

Mr. Jeffrey was with me during all the time (about four hours) I spent in Bavaka. I was the guest of poor old Iséisulu, whom you doubtless know, who is bringing up all his children as friends of the white man.

He and Mrs. Iséisulu were most kind and hospitable to us during our stay in Bavaka, and the half a hundred or so of "savages" who welcomed us to their town with every kindliness of thought and gesture (even to getting water so that I might have a bath in the shade of the forest after our hot six miles' tramp), gave me only one further illustration of the innate decency and kindliness of the African heart when dealing with those in whom there is confidence and trust.

Poor old Iséisulu, for having entertained me thus hospitably, Mr. Jeffrey wrote me after I had left Bongandanga, was arrested in the middle of the night by the sentries, and carried off to answer this serious charge to the "factory." I would not tell these things to a stranger—but you, who know the man, the the village, the people, and all the surroundings—will appreciate these samples of the compulsory payment which civilisation forces upon the African bondsman at so many halfpence per dozen, for labour which means to the African all the best and brightest of his days, and for produce which means to civilisation—dividends, culture, and ease!

The profit and loss are not fairly divided—the "give" is all on the side of the African, the "take" entirely with the European.

Yours sincerely,

ROGER CASEMENT.

I might add that on investigation I find I can purchase the knives from their Sheffield manufacturer at 1½*d.* and 2½*d.* respectively. The beads are worth ¾*d.* on the London market. We always reckon about cent. per cent. for transport, so that on the Congo the beads would be worth 1½*d.*, and the knives 3*d.* and 5*d.* each.

The rubber obtained from these transactions (not trade!) was worth about £2 on the Antwerp market!

The only alternative to unceasing labour left to Congo natives is the "chicotte," a long twisted strip of hippopotamus hide, with which "defaulters" are flogged

THE KING'S VISIT TO KIEL

THE ROYAL YACHT "VICTORIA AND ALBERT": ABOVE AND BELOW DECKS

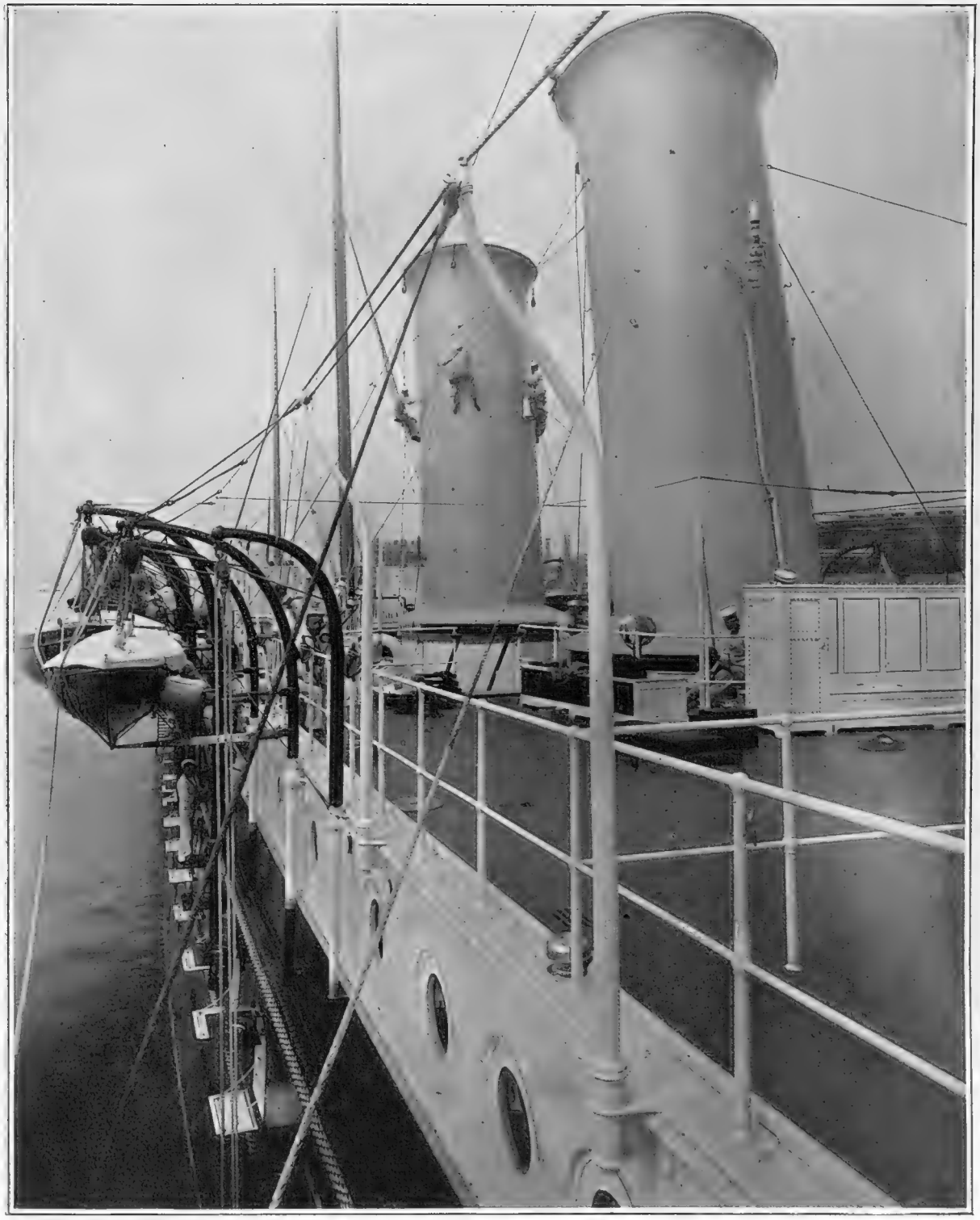


Photo by *Cribb*

The "Victoria and Albert": Upper and Promenade Decks

The Reception Room, where King Edward and the German Emperor will meet

Photos by *Cribb*

The King's Drawing-room

THE KING'S VISIT TO KIEL:

The Queen's Bedroom

Photos by *Cribb*

The King's Bedroom

INTERIOR OF THE "VICTORIA AND ALBERT"

CONCERNING DR. CLIFFORD

(No. 30 OF THE SERIES)

There are two men in the public eye who are known r those who follow their p_oceedings as "the Doctor." One is Dr. W. G. Grace, concerning whom something was said in these pages a fortnight ago. The other, whose circle of admirers is not quite so large, is Dr. John Clifford, M.A., D.D., B.Sc., B.LL. Mindful of the fact that some academic titles of honour are not all they appear to be, let us hasten to say that Dr. Clifford's is an honorary doctorate of Bates University, of which some readers may have heard. It is situated somewhere in the United States of America; and it conferred its degree of D.D. on the subject of these remarks in recognition of his eminence as a Nonconformist divine.

This was a remarkable instance of the truth that some have greatness thrust upon them: for the permission of Mr. Clifford was not asked by the authorities of Bates. He had never heard of Bates. To this day he does not even know its college yell. Twice before had he gently, yet firmly, refused the offer of a similar distinction. Bates, however (convinced, no doubt, of the impossibility of anyone declining a Bates degree) never consulted him, and he awoke one morning to find himself famous. Although for some years the recipient of this mark of celebrity paid no attention to it, the world of Dissent came to hear of it; and so persistent grew the action of the public in tacking on the prefix "Doctor" that it became useless to struggle against it. Such is the authentic history of Dr. Clifford's doctorate.

The other letters after his name belong to London University. They represent the results of a determined campaign of self-education, which began when he was a child, and is still making progress. For Dr. Clifford's parents were factory hands, and he himself, before he was eleven, had left school and begun to earn wages in the same establishment.

There is nothing to connect him with the several notable people who have borne his name. Lines of descent, however, are often lost sight of, and the possibility of his being sprung from the stock of Sir Thomas Clifford, the adviser of the Merry Monarch, must not be neglected. Of the members of the Cabal, Macaulay tells us, "he was the most respectable"! and he adds that "with a fiery and imperious temper, he had a strong, though a lamentably perverted, sense of duty and honour." Heredity is a wonderful thing.

To the manner of his employment in early days we must put down a good deal of what we may find to criticise in Dr. Clifford. He has told us as much —in his own way. The factory, he has said, "was a fine school for character;" and he explains that "it taught me not to think about recreation. For us lads the word leisure did not exist." Here the reader will recall the homely couplet on the two moral influences which "make Jack a dull boy." This is not always so; but they are almost sure to make Jack a narrow boy.

This view of the factory as "a fine school for character," by the way, is one which has largely escaped the observers of modern social developments. It is, in fact, about the only certificate of moral value that the factory has ever had from anybody who has worked in one.

The fact is, no doubt, that Dr. Clifford owes his fortunate passage through the factory system to just the same invaluable quality which has brought him to his present pitch of eminence: the impossibility of making him tired. The thing cannot be done. All sorts of people have attempted his overthrow in controversy, from the Prime Minister to Mr. G. K. Chesterton; and Dr. Clifford has always got in the last letter. He would write, if necessary, with the last drop of his blood, rather than leave the epistolary field in possession of the enemy.

It was in the course of one of these encounters that Mr. Balfour, before he was rendered prostrate and comatose by the Doctor's vigorous eloquence, was able to hint at the existence of faults in his adversary's style. This abominable imputation was taken deeply to heart by Dr. Clifford's supporters, and opened an irreparable breach between Mr. Balfour and the Nonconformist public, for a very powerful section of that community has come to adopt the conviction that it is wicked to find fault with the champion of the Free Churches Militant.

The natural beauties of our country have been materially reinforced, in the course of the last year or two, by the general posting upon walls, and other exposed surfaces, of a large head of Dr. Clifford. Many of those who read this will have seen it, and those who are not familiar with Dr. Clifford's features will have wondered, perhaps, who, in this tolerant age, still could wear an expression so implacable. For, in this popular portrait, the good Doctor has very much the air of a Spanish Inquisitor. Nothing, really, could be more misleading; for in private life Dr. Clifford is an amiable, and a decidedly quiet man, with a taste in elastic exercisers and a mild passion for geology. It is questionable whether he would roast even a Roman Catholic—though if he were getting aid from the rates there might be some danger.

Dr. Clifford's appearance in the very forefront of politics was one of the most notable consequences of the Boer War. His initiation of the Passive Resistance movement has added a new catchword to the common speech, if it has done nothing else. He has the true leader's faculty for winning the devotion of all his adherents, and incurring the extreme hostility of the other side. He is one of the most successful preachers in England, and by far the most indefatigable pulpit-politician of his time.

"Passive Resistance"

OUR SHORT STORY

GOOD-BYE TO MARKET

By R. MURRAY GILCHRIST

As Mrs. Lowe, widow of Uriah Lowe, of Oldgate Pastures (the farm that stretches along the green natural platform between the wood and the moor edge), advanced in years, she often compared herself with an old tree in autumn—a sheltered oak whose leaves fell one by one. Till she was seventy-five she never failed to appear at market, not, to be sure, to sell her own farm produce—one of her middle-aged sons or daughters—she had three of each—in turn accompanying her to chaffer keenly with such as grouped, shrewd of eye, in the little square; but to gratify her reflection for a week with the quaint panorama with its foreground of living folk.

She loved to watch the market folk; although she never spoke of her inmost thoughts to the men and women who called her mother, had she chosen she could have told many a true secret that she had learned without words. The humours of young married couples appealed most to her; it was good to observe man and wife in the brief years before love had given place to use.

As dainty an old woman as could be seen anywhere! The last time she went to Calton St. Anne's (she was seventy-six then, and for some weeks had been absent), she wore her best grey gown—of thin silk festooned with ruchings, her Paisley shawl—the ground white, the Indian palms a softened yellow, her scuttle bonnet with its crimped lawn cap, which, bleached as it was, was no snowier than the hair beneath. This costume had hitherto been reserved for great occasions, her ordinary market attire being severely plain, but neat to perfection. But, in her opinion, this was as great an occasion as any—she had come to say good-bye to the market, and to quit the scene with the grace of a gifted actress who retires into private life.

That day she held in either hand the crook of an ash stick. Her eldest son, Jabez, offered his arm, but, being a proud woman, she refused his help, and, although she still carried herself with dignity, one could see that her knees were no longer in good working order.

"Old age and rheumatics have gotten me a last," she said to one after another. "I've been a bed-lier most of th' harvest time, and 'tisn't likely as I'll e'er be seen here any more. Doctor he declares as for th' future I'm bound to rest aside th' parlour fire, a-dozing and a-telling of old tales. And I be contented, for e'ery dog has his day. Good-bye, to you, William (or John, or Sarah, as the case might be); good-bye to you."

At last, just after a tired curtsey to his Grace of Ashford, who was riding through the little town, she was taken away across the bridge, and along the Grassbrook road in the direction of Oldgate. At the first curve she gripped Jabez's arm, and turned for a parting look at the slender-spired church and the town hall, and the amphitheatre of hills.

"Bide a bit, Jabez," she whispered. "You mustn't hurry me; I want to say good-bye again."

Her voice was more tender than usual; although she had never been aught but an excellent mother, she had rarely displayed any sentiment. Had her children been keener of perception, they might have believed that she scarce regarded them as her social equals. Jabez looked into her face, and saw the wrinkled cheeks all wet with tears.

"Dall it mother," he said; "you're none going to give way, I do hope and trust. There's many a long year of peace and comfort afore you yet!"

"'Tis none with grief as I'm crying," she said; "for sure there's no need for me to grieve. I were but a-thinking how, three years after your father and I were wed, he brought me to the Whitsun Fair, with little Uriah, who was scarce a twelvemonth old at the time. Eh, dear! eh, dear! eh, dear! that bairn! But he was a beauty! And your father! I can see him now—a-strutting about like a bantam cock as is father to an angel! . . . Come you on, Jabez, I'm ready to go."

"Why," said he wonderingly; "I ne'er knew as I'd a brother called after father. 'Tis strange as you ne'er spoke of him afore!"

"None so strange, Jabez," she replied; "for if you give all your heart to anything, you're bound to seal your lips. And young Uriah, my firstborn, had all the love I'd gotten to give. . . . He'd be fifty-seven and three weeks old if he'd lived, since he was born on th' night of Pack Rag Feast. But he died ere his second birthday, and you didn't come for six year or so."

The phlegmatic Jabez was shaken for once in his life. "Lord!" he said, "to think as there were seven of us, and none six! Why, mother, you can't have cared much about the bantling, or you'd have told us all about him years and years ago."

"Ah, Jabez," she said; "Ah, lad! you've lived single, like your brothers and sisters, all your life, and

(All rights reserved)

"At the first curve she gripped Jabez's arm, and turned for a parting look at the slender-spired church and the town hall and the amphitheatre of hills"

you can't understand what I mean. But young Uriah—if he'd only growed up, he wouldn't have stayed a bachelor, none he . . . there was that in his eyen, eh, God bless him! Now, on with you, lad—I want to see no more. Good-bye, Calton St. Anne's—I've gotten to play old woman now, and ne'er to see you again."

For the rest of the journey she never spoke, save in

absent reply to her son's ejaculations concerning the divers farmers' crops. The harvest had been good; even in her own memory Oldgate had known no fuller granary. In spite of her age and her love for forgotten things, she had moved with the times. It was she who played benefactress to the whole of the valley by introducing separators for the cream and superphosphates to destroy the "black twitch" that even starving cattle refuse.

Jabez, like his brothers and sisters, was unimaginative, obtuse, dispassionate. But, all the same, there was no better-respected family than the Lowes within a twenty-mile march. They were good, solid folk, temperate—no man had ever been "market-merry"—excellent supporters of the village church, and yet kindly tolerant of the Dissenters. The women were thrifty, wholesome, genteel, admirable poultry-breeders, and not averse from assisting at the killing of home-grown pigs. But they were not their mother's equals, and, after all, none was better aware of the fact.

Her superiority cannot be accounted for, since she was the only daughter of poor parents, whose sole property had been a fifty-acre farm in the heart of the moorland, where the stony meadows were thridded by a peaty stream. And Uriah came of a family whose sires had played churchwarden for more than two centuries. But there's her daguerrotype in the best parlour at Oldgate—the portrait of a boisterous little beauty with laughing eyes and wonderful golden ringlets. . . . Uriah's oil-painting, done by a local artist, hangs beside—one sees that he was good and heavy and saturnine—a kind, deliberate creature whose blood flowed torpidly. The picture of the young Uriah nobody had ever seen, nobody would ever see, because it was hidden in the very centre of the mother's heart.

The journey finished, after one bold gaze at the fading October sunlight, she went indoors, not passing, as she had ever done before, to the house place, but, quite forgetting to use her sticks, making straight for the second parlour. A red fire burned in the hob-grate; her favourite chair, lugged, and covered with dull, red chintz, stood, with its spindle-legged footstool, in front. The table was laid for supper, as at wakes, or funeral times. She sat down, loosened her bonnet-strings, lifted her skirt for the red flannel petticoat to absorb the heat. Selina, her eldest daughter, a gaunt woman of fifty, came to remove her shawl; Eliza and Hannah bustled to and fro with dishes.

"So you're back, mother, said Selina. "Well, well, 'tis good to see you looking none the worse——"

Mrs. Lowe caught her hand; a queer little noise sounded in her throat. "Ay, wench," she said. "I'm back again, and I've said good-bye to market."

Selina was somewhat moved. "'Tis what we all come to," she said. "The law of Nature, parson tells. There's always a day when we move aside and rest. And you'll be with us many a year yet—you'll sit like a lady, and give your orders for us all to bide by."

"The old woman's grip tightened. "Selina," she murmured, "'t has come upon me to-day, within the last few hours, as I haven't been a tender mother to any of you——"

Selina stared aghast. "Mother!" she exclaimed. "Whate'er be you a-talking of?—nob'dy could have been kinder and more upright to her children nor you've been!"

"'Tisn't that," said Mrs. Lowe. "I know as I've tried to be just . . . . 'Tis as I haven't been able to give you all as a mother should have done. Selina—I've ne'er been one for kissing—I've almost forgotten how it should be done . . . . . Selina, bring your cheek nearer, and let th' poor old lass kiss you."

The spinster obeyed tremblingly; when the kiss of kindness had been given, her sallow face was working convulsively.

"Oh dear! oh mother!" she cried. Then, flinging her apron over her head, she stumbled from the room, almost falling over Eliza and Hannah, who had watched the scene with troubled eyes.

Mrs. Lowe beckoned them to come near. "Wenches," she said, "your mother's gotten to kiss you both, and to ask you to forgive her for none loving you as she ought."

They cried out that there could never have been a better parent; but she shook her head wistfully.

"'Tisn't as I hadn't the wish to be otherwise," she told them; "but 'tis as I hadn't the power. If I'd pretended to love you, 'twould have been deceitful; for all the love I had left me when my firstborn were born away."

Since none save Jabez had heard of their eldest brother, they begged her to unburden her mind.

"'Twould interest you little," she replied, "and it all happened so long ago. All as you'd care to know is, he was th' only child I e'er had as featured me—skin, eyes, curls and all. I'd given all myself to him; you others were all dark, with black hair, th' very picture of your father. Now let's talk no more of 't, but sit us to th' table and eat our victuals. Ah, here's Jabez, and Silas, and Luke. Lads, come hither, your mother's in for a kissing-do. . . . ."

The evening was marked by a certain mournful festivity. After the milking and the foddering was seen to, the three sons came back into the parlour, where Selina had arranged six chairs, three on either side of her mother's, in a semicircle afront the fire. The lads had never been permitted to smoke there before; now the old woman insisted upon each bringing out his clay pipe and puffing vigorously, till the great white beams of the ceiling were all veiled with a grey mist.

"'Tis a whim of mine," she explained, "as we should enjoy ourselves on the night after I've said good-bye to market. And happen, who knows, we mayn't all have many more chances of sitting together? Selina, ope yonder cupboard, and bring out the green flask in th' corner, here's th' key, wench. Sloe gin, 'tis; I made it twenty years ago, th' same winter as your father died."

Selina produced the bottle; Mrs. Lowe held it between her face and the firelight. "Six wine-glasses," she said. "Nay, none for me—'twill be a job to make th' liquor go round for you all. And, after you've supped, I've matters to talk about and to settle."

Five minutes later, when with a shaking hand she had filled the thick-stemmed glasses, Jabez, whose eyes were blinking oddly, rose to his feet.

"When the lid was raised, she brought to light, very carefully, six plumped-out leather bags"

"To mother's health!" she said. "Th' best mother as e'er lived!"

But, pressing heavily on the padded arms of her chair, she half rose. "None to my health!" she cried, almost breathlessly. "To-night you just drink to the memory of young Uriah, as none of you heard about till now!"

So they drank together to the dead, and the old woman sat smiling at something in the heart of the fire. After a while, she began to talk about how the world had changed since her youth. She made Jabez find the pack-horse bell that belonged to his parental grandfather; and then she rang it faintly as she described the little caravans conveying lime into the remoter valleys. She spoke of tinder-box days, of rushlights, of forgotten merry-makes, of dances, such as "The Threshing of the Oats." And so the hours passed until the tall clock in the corner wheezed for ten.

"By'r Leddy!" she cried. "There's business to be done, and 'tis already time for blanket fair!'

"Blanket fair!" said Selina, who had never heard the phrase before. "Why mother, what be that?"

Mrs. Lowe laughed delightedly, "Blanket fair's where young Uriah used for to be put every night," she replied. "Well we're all a bit tired, so I'll get th' job o'er. Jabez, go you to my chamber and bring th' box as stands aside th' dressing-chest. I'm going to make each of you a present."

The man returned soon with a square oaken coffer, criss-crossed with iron bands. She gave him two more keys, bade him place it on a stool and turn the locks. When the lid was raised, she brought to light, very carefully, six plumped-out leather bags.

"As you know," she said, "your father left me land and stock for life, and I've managed well. By his will you're to divide all betwixt you when I'm gone. He used for to fancy as 'twould be needful to sell th' farm some day; but I think, as you've kept together for so long, you'd best none separate. And this money's what came when my own little place were sold; your father were none a greedy man, and he gave it to me forthright, and, unbeknown to any of you, I've added till there's a nice bit of ready money apiece, lads and lasses to share and share alike."

"None to-night, mother," they said, almost simultaneously. "Nay, don't give it us to-night."

She frowned whimsically. "I'm used to having my own way," she said; "so ne'er try to thwart me. Besides, there's gold left—gold—as I wouldn't part with, if parting meant as I could live another eighty year. And this gold I ask to be buried with me—here."

She touched her shrunken bosom. "Just above th' heart" she added. "'T has lain there afore, and none once lain heavy. Come, wenches, you can help me to my chamber—for, though I've enjoyed myself more nor I've done for many a long year, I be main tired. Takes it out of an old body, saying good-bye to market does!"

The three women accompanied her upstairs, and helped her to undress. When she lay comfortably in the middle of her four-poster—since her husband's death she had always slept alone—she bade Selina bring up the oaken box.

"Lay it on th' table near by," she said, "and open th' lid again, so as if I want to get my own gold in th' night, I can easily do't."

This done, Selina took up the candle, and looked at the worn face upon the pillow. The nightcap was of soft linen and slightly awry—she straightened it gently. And though she was only a phlegmatic old maid, a hot tear fell to the mother's cheek.

"You're looking very pale, mother," she murmured. "Prythee let one of us lie aside of you to-night?"

"Go thy ways, wenches," said Mrs. Lowe. "If I want aught, I'll call."

So, since they had never disobeyed, they left her in darkness. But Selina, waking before dawn, crept, oppressed by an odd foreboding, back to the room. The old woman was very tranquil; the candlelight upon her face did not make her stir. And one hand held, close to the left breast, a cluster of golden circlets—little ringlets of young Uriah, the only child who had featured the mother.

(The Bystander Short Story next week will be "A Mere Song," by William Le Queux)

A VINDICATION OF THE 'BUS

"The omnibus is the dearest, the slowest, the jerkiest, and the least comfortable vehicle of transit that has yet been devised by civilised man."—*Express.*

With eyes upon my paper bent,
I chanced to read this "par,"
As homeward wearily I went
(I live at present down in Kent,
S.E. and L.C.R.)

"O, you who wrote these words," thought I,
"You may have travelled far,
But you have *never* travelled by
—And here I heaved an envious sigh—
S.E. and L.C.R.

"I grant you that a 'bus *is* slow,
At least most 'buses are,
But 'slowest' is more apropos
Of trains that travel to and fro,
S.E. and L.C.R.

"If real experience you'd glean
(And time is not a bar),
Just travel for a week between,
Say, Charing Cross and Hither Green,
S.E. and L.C.R.!"

Books to Order this Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

"A Lonely Summer in Kashmir." By Margaret Cotter Morison. Illustrated. (Duckworth: 7*s.* 6*d* net.)

"The Native Tribes of Northern Australia. By Professor Baldwin Spencer and Mr. F. J. Gillen. A Sequel to "The Native Tribes of Central Australia," by the same Authors. (Macmillan.)

"Old Times and New." By Canon Tetley. (Fisher Unwin: 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

NEW FICTION

"The Song of the Forest." By Paul Waineman. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"A Weaver of Webs." By John Oxenham. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"She That Hesitates." By Harris Dickson. (Ward Lock: 6*s.*)

Norman William's Hunting Ground

"THE NEW FOREST." Painted and Described by Mrs. Willingham Rawnsley. (Adam and Charles Black. London: 1904.) 7*s.* 6*d.*

The ideal book of the New Forest has yet to be written. There is nothing more beautiful in all England than those sixty thousand acres of leafy wood and lawn, and wild, heath-grown wastes, which remain to-day and will go down to posterity much as they were nine centuries ago, when Norman William first set them aside as his hunting ground for the tall deer whom he "loved as if he had been their father." The forest is beautiful at all times of the year, most beautiful, perhaps, at a time when it is least known to the majority of its owners, who are the whole people of England, and when those who live within its precincts are left alone to gather up its charm into a sheaf of golden memories. And so, until the great book comes to be written, the book which shall tell the history of the forest lands, with all their thronging memories of the past, which shall intimately describe the wonderful wild life which still thrives in their deep recesses, and shall portray some of their characteristic or entrancing beauties, one is grateful for a book of this sort—a kind of book of months, catching much of that charm which changes from week to week, but is always present, in whatever dress it may present itself, to those who dwell in the forest borders year in and year out, and see it under each of its many aspects.

Mrs. Rawnsley's water-colour drawings, twenty-four of which are reproduced here by that admirable process which has enabled Messrs. Adam and Charles Black to give us so many beautiful books, are unequal. Some of them are amateurish, while the success of others is of the happiest. But we find in them a graver fault than their inequality. Writing from within a mile or two of many of the scenes she depicts, it is difficult to criticise entirely from the point of view of a stranger. One recognises with pleasure familiar scenes, and with sympathy the attempts to get into paper, effects of distance and contrast of colour which every forest lover has noted and enjoyed. But there is so much missing, and we cannot help thinking that the best things the forest has to offer are among them. Where are the beechen glades, the carpets of russet fern, and, above all, the giant hollies, a glory of shining green in the winter time, which must surely be one of the lasting memories of the least observant visitor? They are missing, and at least half of the pictures presented are no more characteristic of the New Forest than of any other beautiful English country side. At the same time, Mrs. Rawnsley has been eminently successful in some instances. Her picture, "On the Beaulieu Road: A Wet October," is a delightful piece of colouring and absolutely true to nature, and there are others of which the same may be said.

The letterpress contains much pleasant and observant descriptive writing, but it is constantly marred by the unconscious influence of the present-day, garden-diary form of literature. Even in a book frankly of that order, the bare statement that the colour of a stock picked out of the garden is identical with that of one painted on a Crown Derby china dish in the writer's possession would scarcely be of rousing interest. In a book the object of which is to convey some of the charm of the New Forest, it is quite out of keeping. And yet, on the whole, it is made plain that Mrs. Rawnsley knows the Forest and loves it, and her book will be welcome to those who share her knowledge and love.

Books to Appear Shortly

The summer slump in the publishing world, although inevitable, is not likely to be quite so pronounced this year as usual. Some of the publishers have decided to issue books right through the holiday season, and it is significant that several of the most important novels of the year will appear at a time when everybody is supposed to be out of town. Miss Marie Corelli's new book

will be one of these, and we hear that she is already breaking all records in the matter of advance orders. Henry Seton Merriman's last novel, too—which has been running serially through the *Illustrated London News*—is expected in volume form during August.

Two new books, both from popular lady novelists, are coming from Messrs. Methuen on Friday. One, entitled "Accused and Accuser," is by Miss Adeline Sergeant, and might have been brought out on her birthday, had it been kept a week later. The most successful of Miss Sergeant's novels is still her "Story of a Penitent Soul," which created a sensation when it first appeared anonymously in 1892. When at length the secret of the authorship leaked out, Miss Sergeant gave her reason for the concealment of her identity in the following words :

> Every now and then I feel the necessity of escaping from the trammels imposed by publishers, editors, and the supposed taste of the public. I want to say my own say, to express what I really mean and feel, to deliver my soul. Then I like to go away "into the wilderness," and write for myself, not for the public, without caring whether anybody reads and understands what I write, or whether it is published or not.

Work done in this way, as Miss Sargeant says, is the only work that seems worth doing, but, unfortunately, this cannot be done every day. The other novel due to-morrow is "The Slaking of the Sword," by Mrs. Hugh Fraser, the clever sister of Mr. Marion Crawford.

There are some romantic associations attaching to the celebrated historical work, now known as "Leycester's Commonwealth," a reprint of which—the first since 1721—is being published by Messrs. Longmans Originally printed on the Continent in 1584, it was the first book to spread the charge against Leicester of the murder of Amy Robsart, and strenuous efforts were made to suppress the work, and to prevent its circulation in this country. Manuscript copies were made, however, and distributed among the anti-Leicester faction in Elizabeth's Court. Its original title was "The Perfect Picture of a Favourite, being the Secret Memoirs of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester."

It is upwards of half a century since Edward Thring went to Uppingham, and set about developing what was an ordinary grammar school, with but twenty-five boarders and an endowment of only £1,000, into one of the best-equipped public schools in the kingdom. An "Old Boy" has written his reminiscences of that eventful period in the history of the school—"a long time to look back over," he writes, "but the memories received in one's youthful days are always more vivid than those of middle age, and take a firmer hold on the memory." His book will be published by Messrs. Macmillan, under the title of "Early Days at Uppingham, under Edward Thring."

THE "BYSTANDER" COLLECTION OF JUGS, MUGS, AND CROCKS

(Third Series)

No. 10.—THE MAX LIQUEUR BOTTLE

A dramatic figure often to be met with in a cosy Poets' Corner

No. 11.—THE GREAT CHESTERTON JUG, WITH NAPOLEON HANDLE

Dug up on Notting Hill. Supposed at first to be a modern Johnson jug, but afterwards found to be genuine

No. 12.—GERMAN HARDWARE (Royal Pattern)

An imposing figure on horseback, with a "Bis" mark underneath. In Prussian blue, with white horse

Gossip About Books and Their Makers

Mrs. Campbell Praed

Among the popular novelists who have issued new books during the spring season is Mrs. Campbell Praed, whose "Nyria," a tale of ancient Rome, is understood to owe its origin in some degree to a remarkable case of occultism coming within the personal experience of the author. For my part, I have less than no interest in these mystical affairs; my recollection of Mr. Stead and his disembodied friend, "Julia," serves as a salutary warning-off when I come upon a case which involves questions of pre-cognition or pre-existence. Many distinguished authors have, at certain periods of their lives, been attracted by some phase of spiritualism; but I suppose that is because most thinking people have had their minds occupied at some time or other with these vague insoluble thoughts of things in heaven and earth undreamt of in our philosophy. I prefer Mrs. Campbell Praed when her foot is on her native heath, or rather, when she is beating about the Australian Bush. She is, indeed, the bright flower of our Colonial literature, for, although many excellent novelists are identified with the interpretation of Australian life, she is one of the very few who are "native born." Even "Rolf Boldrewood" was born in London, and Mr. E. W. Hornung is an Englishman who spent only two years in Australia.

Photo by *Kate Pragnell*

Mrs. Campbell Praed

The popular Australian novelist, whose latest book, "Nyria," was published this spring

An Exile of Australia

None has succeeded so eminently as Mrs. Praed in conveying the strange elusive charm of "Down Under," and perhaps that is because her long exile of thirty years in London has quickened the romance of her native land in her imagination; she is like the Scot who loves his own country the more, and can the better describe it, the longer he stays away from it! "Even still," she confesses, "I never see a white-barked eucalyptus, whether it be in a flourishing plantation about Cannes, or a sickly naturalised clump on the Roman Campagna, or some melancholy sucker in a hothouse, without being seized by an untranslatable emotion. I never smell the pungent aromatic scent, which for twenty-two years was as the breath of my nostrils, without being carried back to the old, vivid world of untrodden pastures and lonely forest, without falling again under the grim spell of the forest." To the Scot abroad the touchstone which awakens these emotions is the homely dialect of his country. "Let me hear, in some far land," says R. L. S., "a kindred voice sing out, 'Oh, why left I my hame?' and it seems at once as if no beauty under the kind heavens, and no society of the wise and good, can repay me for my absence from my country." Mrs. Campbell Praed, who is now in her fifty-fourth year, was born in Queensland, and two years ago she told the story of her early days in that delightful book, "My Australian Girlhood." Her late husband was a nephew of Mackworth Praed, the celebrated writer of society verse, and it is now almost a quarter of a century since she took to the writing of novels, her first book being "An Australian Heroine."

M. Maurice Maeterlinck

Mention of the occult in fiction reminds me that among distinguished literary visitors to London this year is Maurice Maeterlinck, the Belgian author. Here, however, we have no suggestion of that "undeveloped science," which vainly strives to bring us into touch with the unseen; but rather an æsthetic attempt to suggest the dim emotions which vibrate in the souls of men and seem to be incommunicable. Whether M. Maeterlinck succeeds depends entirely on the temperament

of his reader, but there is no question as to the vogue his writings now enjoy. The *Daily Mail* has published several lengthy specimens which, I suspect, its multitudinous readers mistook for "breakfast-table problems" on a gigantic scale. Maeterlinck is to some extent a disciple of Hardenberg—the eighteenth century "Prophet of Romanticism," who avowed that "many thoughts are too delicate to be thought, many more to be spoken"—for he has written somewhere, "it is not possible to speak clearly of these things." Therefore he tries in a shadowy way, and with the most delicate art, to suggest emotions too vague for conventional expression. I am told that science has devised an instrument which can register the sound of the breathing of a tiny insect. M. Maeterlinck endeavours to do something almost as delicate as that in the domain of art. Yet he is personally the reverse of a mystic or a dreamer, for I read that "he is quite tall, and his whole body breathes out health and perfect poise. The Flemish breadth of shoulder has stamped his race." He was born in the town of Ghent forty-two years ago, and I cannot doubt that the "genius of place" has in some wise affected his art, as there are few towns which exercise a subtler influence on the mind than Ghent, where the dead past and the living present are blended so strangely. Mr. Grant Richards is publishing a study of Maeterlinck, by Mr. W. L. Courtney, of the *Daily Telegraph*.

Photo by *Kate Pragnell*

Mr. Arthur Morrison

Author of "Tales of Mean Streets," "The Hole in the Wall, etc.

London's Realist

At the opposite pole of art from that of romanticism, we find Mr. Arthur Morrison, whose stories of London life I contrasted last week with the kindly Cockney humour of Mr. Pett Ridge. Mr. Morrison may be described as an "uncomfortable" writer, but an artist none the less, for, although he is quite the most faithful of our realists, he has striven to interpret something of the soul of things as well as to describe them. It is surely evidence of a serious and commendable taste for something more than amusement that Mr. Morrison commands a large and increasing public for his powerful studies of the darker side of London life. Just ten years ago he succeeded in making his mark with "Tales of Mean Streets," but there is an immense difference between that book and such a masterpiece of realism as "The Hole in the Wall," of which a cheap edition appeared a few weeks ago. Mr. Morrison came to authorship by way of journalism. He was at one time a writer on the *Globe*, and, if I am not mistaken, had a post on that ill-fated attempt to provide the English public with a weekly modelled on the famous coloured supplement of the *Petit Journal*—the *Million*. He was also one of "Henley's young men" on the *National Observer*, and, by the way, I have long possessed a copy of his quite unknown first book, which dealt with ghost stories, and which, I have no doubt, he would be glad now to know had vanished into thin air!

News in Headlines

Now that the ha'penny has become the ruling price of so many daily papers, it is just possible that some bold adventurer in the fields of journalism will try a paper at a farthing. Lord Glenesk said the other evening that "he often thought it would be a good thing to publish a newspaper which should consist of nothing but headlines, and which could be sold for a farthing." For my part, I find that the contents' bills of the evening papers are quite sufficient to let me know what has happened since I read my morning journals. Many years ago—during the Franco-German War—a certain provincial journal issued a most exciting contents bill. A canny Scot entered the office and bought a copy of the paper, but complained to the clerk that he could not find the news so boldly advertised on the poster The clerk found it for him, and it proved to be two or three lines only. "Would you mind taking back the paper, and giving me one of your bills?" said the disappointed reader. Touching the question of farthing journals, there used to be a daily paper published at about that price in Paris, I believe, and it may still exist for all I know. It was called the *Bon Guide*, and appealed to the mendicant fraternity. The *Bon Guide* justified its title by giving to its subscribers a complete list of the baptisms, weddings and funerals to take place on the day of issue, so that they might be well posted as to the best places to pursue their calling. Useful information for begging-letter writers was a feature of its pages, and, on the whole, it seems to have been cheap at the price.

BOWLS: SOUTH LONDON BOWLING CLUB v. CANADIANS AT WANDSWORTH

THE COLONIALS WERE DEFEATED BY 23 POINTS

Mr. Fisher, President of the South London Club, playing

Photos by] Mr. G. Anderson, Captain of the Canadians, playing [*Baker and Dixon*

[*It is only fair to state that the Canadian team now on tour are a party of gentlemen players who, gathered together in a hurry, have come over in response to repeated invitations from this side. As they have had to meet picked English teams on their own grounds, their easy defeat is quite understandable, and in no way a disparagement of Canadian bowls.*]

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

King Charles's Head

I fear that my readers will say that the two Championships are to me what King Charles's head was to Mr. Dick. But as my King Charles's head only came off a few weeks ago, I must beg all my good friends to bear with me in my further references to the all-absorbing topic. One of the first considerations strongly impressed on my mind by my recent visit to Sandwich was this: that no club ought to have both Championships played on its course within the space of a fortnight. I go even further than this, and maintain that no club should be called upon to have both competitions played over its green in the same year. To prevent such a possibility, another course should be added to the existing number of Championship greens. This year must have brought the pressing necessity of some such change home to every fair-minded observer. The past meetings at Sandwich made it patent to everyone that it is almost impossible to tune up a course to concert pitch and keep it at that pitch for a fortnight. One of the two competitions is bound to suffer. In this case it was the amateurs who got the worse of the bargain. The Sandwich course at the time of the St. George's Vase, the Amateur International Match, and the Amateur Championship, was in such a condition that its best friends were hard put to it to find a word to say in its defence. On either side of an extremely narrow course waved a wilderness of luxuriant grass, which would have delighted a hay-farmer's heart, but which filled the soul of the golfer with despair. The course itself, right in the centre of it, in the hollows and dips, had grassy patches, in which the ball sank almost out of sight, while the putting greens themselves looked and felt more like those of a badly kept inland links than those of a famous Championship course.

Pardonable Blasphemy

I quite appreciate the fact that the past season has been exceptional, but it must have been patent to the Committee, at least ten days before the date of the St. George's Vase, that it was incumbent on them to secure, by hook or by crook, an army of scythe-men to reduce the grass to its proper golfing proportions. Their failure to do this gave occasion to the enemies of the course to blaspheme, and raised an amount of soreness and ill-feeling on the part of a large section of the competitors such as I have not experienced before at any Championship meeting. Happily, the moment the Amateur event was over, the work of cutting the grass was faced, the greens were cut down as fine as possible, and all this work, aided by the prevalent north-east wind, brought the course for the Open Championship into just as perfect a condition as it had been imperfect before. Here is where I come to my point. If the committee had tuned up their course for the Amateur event as they did subsequently for the Open Championship, I doubt whether the links would have stood the amount of play, or would have been fit to play on in the second event. The Committee were, so to speak, on the horns of a dilemma, on which, in my opinion, they ought never to have been impaled. They ought, in any event, to have reduced the grass at the sides, but I very much fear that, if they had applied the drastic treatment which the greens and the fair course required before the Amateur Championship, we should have had all the professionals grumbling instead of the amateurs.

The Necessity for Altering the Sandwich Course

The second point brought out very forcibly by the meetings at Sandwich is the wisdom of those reformers who are urgently calling out for, and preparing a change of, course. The horrible block which occurred in the St. George's Vase Competition was partly due, no doubt, to the long grass causing prolonged searching, by errant golfers, for balls which had been sliced or pulled. But it was also due, in great measure, to the existence of so many shut holes in the first six holes. The block began at the tee to the third hole, where the green can be reached by the long drivers in their tee shot. This is preceded by a hole which only requires a drive and mashie shot. This second hole, which has been disliked by many great players, owing to the tricky and flukey nature of the approach to the green, it is proposed to cut out altogether. In its place, it is suggested that from the second tee the player should go straight to the third green, thus replacing the present shut second and third holes, by a new long second, the present fourth hole becoming the third.

Further Alteration

Further on in the round, other alterations would be made, and the necessary extra hole to replace the lost third hole would be provided. For the purposes of my argument I need not concern myself with these further changes, but need only point out that a long second and third hole would enable players to get well away in a crowded competition, and would obviate the possibility of such a melancholy *contretemps* as marked this year's St. George's Vase competition. Let us all hope and trust that this year's events have driven the last nail into the coffin of the present badly-balanced course, and that when we all meet there in four years' time for the next Amateur Championship, the new course will be in full working order.

Ernest Lehmann

NOTES FROM THE POLO GROUND

The Hurlingham Champion Cup

The principal open tournament was exceptionally successful this year. There was an entry of seven teams, and Rugby being weakened by the loss of Mr. George Miller, the Championship was much more open than usual. Only one team was outclassed, and that was the Ranelagh second team—Mr. R. Grenfell, the brothers J. C. and A. de Las Casas, and Captain A. E. W. Harman—which competed without any reasonable prospect of success. During the week of play, which was fortunately fine, there were four very good matches: one in particular, the tie between Rugby and the Ranelagh first team—Captain L. C. D. Jenner, and Messrs. A. Rawlinson, F. A. Gill, and H. Scott-Robson—being a remarkably keen and exciting contest, and one of the hardest fought games of recent years. The excitement ran high all through: four times during the game the goals were equal, and five all was the score at the call of time In the extra period, after Ranelagh had been within an ace of winning, Captain Miller, who had played splendidly all through, hit the goal which gave Rugby the victory. Lord Shrewsbury replaced Mr. George Miller at No. 2, the other members of the team being, as usual, Mr. Walter Jones and Mr. C. D. Miller.

Additions to the Recent Form List

The Ranelagh team played a very fine game in the above match, all being at the very top of their form, with the exception of Mr. Rawlinson, who was not so brilliant as he is sometimes. Such fine play as that of Captain Jenner and Mr. Gill (the joint polo managers of Ranelagh) did not pass unnoticed, and their names have since been added to the Recent Form List, together with those of Mr. U. O. Thynne and Lieut.-Colonel W. G. Renton, who also played in the tournament.

Polo at Hurlingham: After the Lords v. Commons Match

The two Polo players seen in the illustration are the Earl of Harrington, on the left, and the Duke of Westminter, on the right

Cantabs Win the Cup

In the semi-finals, the Old Cantabs — Captain Heseltine and Messrs. W. McCreery, Freake, and Buckmaster—just beat Rugby by four goals to three. The other semi-final furnished the surprise of the tournament, for the strongly tipped Roehampton team of Captain H. Wilson, the brothers M. and P. W. Nickalls, and Captain H. Lloyd failed to show their true form—with the exception of Captain Wilson, who played brilliantly, and Handley Cross beat them by four goals to two. In the final, the Old Cantabs beat Handley Cross easily by seven to one. Lady Harrington presented the Cup to the Old Cantabs, whose only previous victory was in 1900. L. V. L. S.

WRESTLING AT THE HURLINGHAM CLUB

The great bout between Madrali and Pierri

Madrali, whose first appearance it was since his match with Hackenschmidt, won in 10 min. 13 sec.

Photos by *Baker and Dixon*

A group of Wrestlers who took part in the Exhibition bouts at Hurlingham

A large and representative audience, including many ladies, gathered in the picturesque enclosure at Hurlingham to witness the displays of Antonio Pierri's troupe from the Alhambra Theatre. The bouts took place on the lawn, near the bandstand, which was occupied during the afternoon by the band of the 2nd Life Guards

"The morning paper brings consternation to Russian households"

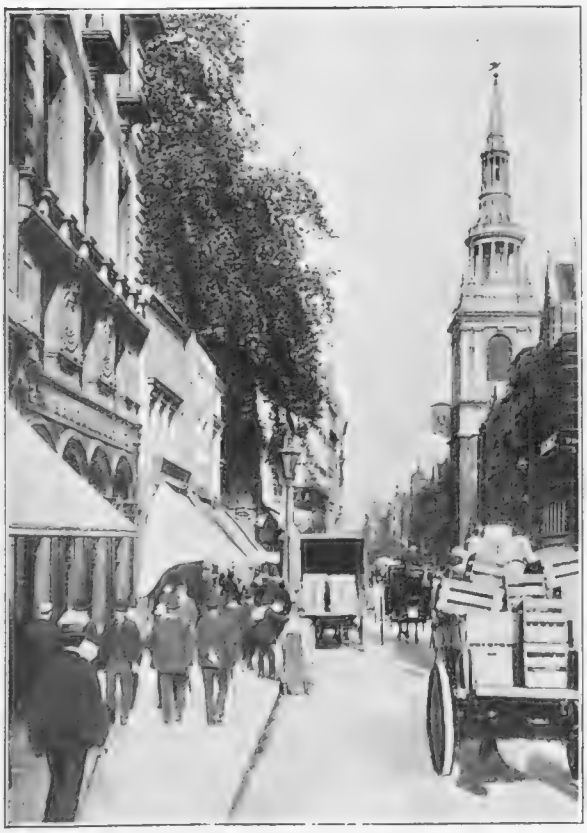
DRAWN BY A JAPANESE ARTIST

"FAIRY LAMPS" OF THE "PAGAN CITY"

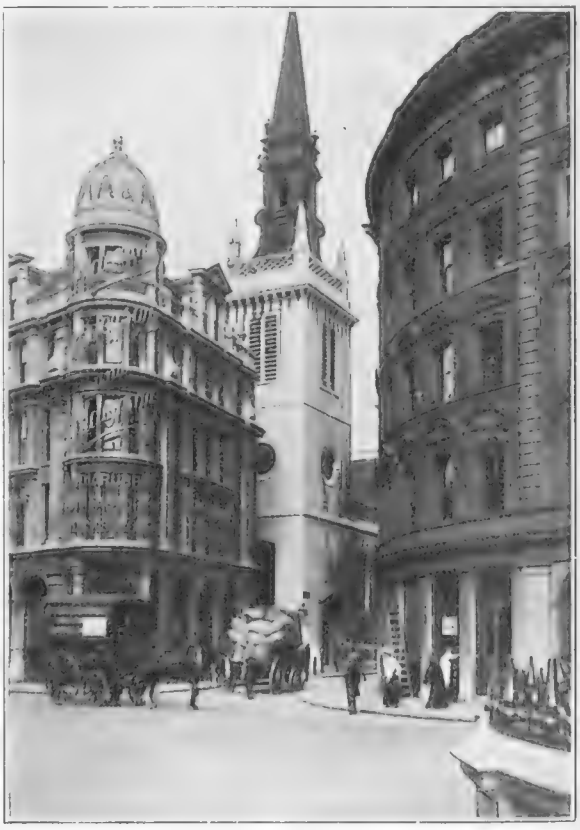
(We give here pictures and particulars of eight City Churches. Their sites are so very valuable, and their spheres of usefulness so restricted, that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners might well dispose of them and use their purchase money towards relieving distress in the Church. The figures for the congregations represent the result of a census taken recently on a Sunday.)

St. Mary, Aldermanbury
Gross value of living, £461. Population, 69. Congregation, 16

St. Nicholas Cole-Abbey, Queen Victoria Street
Gross value of living, £[illegible]. Population, 247. Congregation, 40



St. Mary-Le-Bow, Cheapside
Gross value of living, £836. Population, 202. Congregation, 26



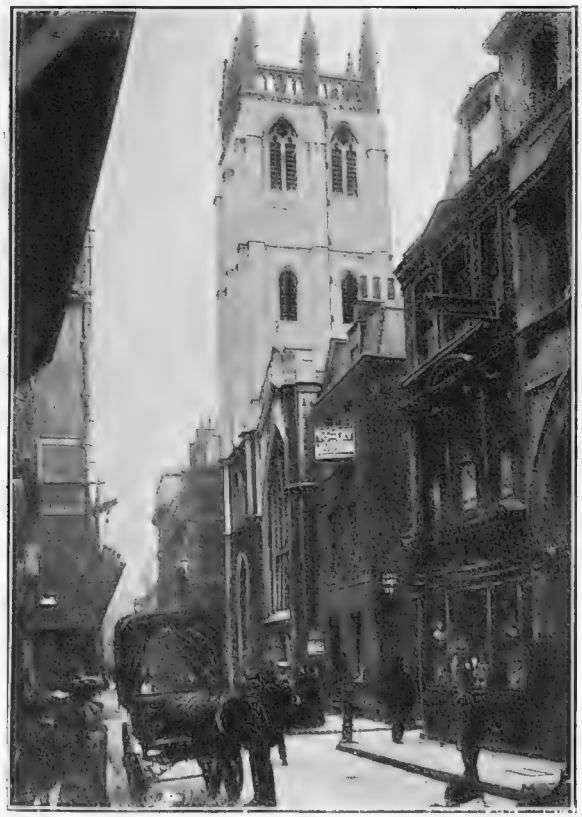
St. Augustine's, Old Change
Gross value of living, £638. Population, 221. Congregation, 8

St. Mary Woolnoth, Lombard Street

Gross value of living, £1,100. Population, 177. Value of site, £400,000. Congregation, 38.

St. Lawrence, Jewry

Gross value of living, £850. Population, 406. Congregation (quite a large one for a City church), 63



St. Alban, Wood Street

Gross value of living, £640. Population, 324 Congregation, 18

St. Helen, Bishopsgate

Gross value of living, £1,110. Population, 240. Congregation, 11

Corrected Impressions

AT THE ART SCHOOL

"My aunt, Burgoyne; that is simply ripping; what spiffing colour, by George!"

To GAMAGE (*later*): "I say, Burgoyne is splendid; got such a good line, fine eye for tone; he gave me some tips to-day, I'm awfully obliged."

"You're right Adams; Burgoyne's going to arrive." (*They became unintelligible.*)

FOUR YEARS AFTER—IN THE STUDIO

"Gamage, you remember Burgoyne?"

"Rather."

"He's doing jolly well, I hear; got a lot of portraits to do and some big decoration. I think he's rather fallen off, don't you?"

"I do, rather, getting a bit cheap; eh, what?"

"I never thought he'd do much real good stuff, he can't draw, you know."

"No, and myself, to be honest, I think his tone is rotten."

"So do I, old chap."

(*Gamage turns out his pockets.*) "I say, Adams, have you any chink; I'm about broke?"

"Well, 'Comic Rot' owes me fourteen and six; I'll go up and try to get it."

"Do, there's a good chap, and we'll have a bust."

SIXTEEN YEARS AFTER.—OUTSIDE THE ACADEMY

(*Gamage and Adams are passing, with portfolios under their arms, looking very seedy. Burgoyne gets out of a hansom just by them and goes up to speak to them.*) "By George, I am devilish glad to see you, Adams. By Jingo, old Gamage, you look jolly well. Well, Adams, how's art?"

Adams (*with great art of loftiness*): "Splendid old man." (*Turns to the Academy with an undisguised sneer.*) "How's business?

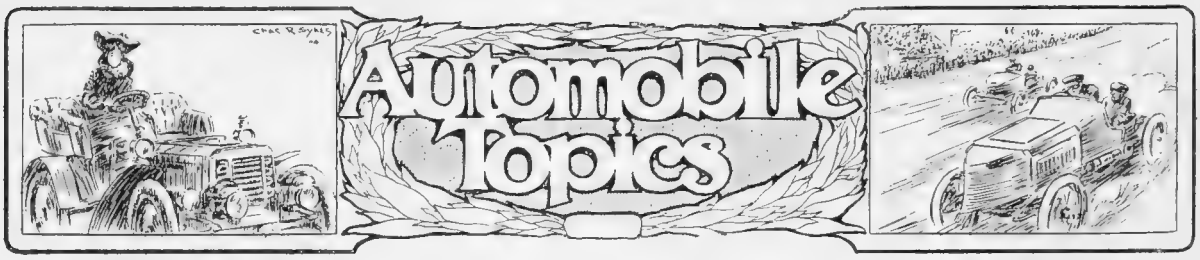
LATER.

BURGOYNE: "Poor devils, I ought to have asked them to lunch. (*Orders coffee.*)

ADAMS: "Rather got him where he lives, I think, eh, Gamage?" (*They drink their bitters.*)

The Hampden Commemoration: The famous "Brick Parlour," in which John Hampden was arrested

Last week, the Earl of Buckinghamshire presided at a meeting of Liberals held at his residence, Hampden House, to commemorate the 261st anniversary of John Hampden's burial. His Lordship is a descendant of the famous Buckinghamshire gentleman who objected to Ship Money



Our Motoring Editor will be very pleased at any time to examine, and impartially report upon, any new inventions of a practical and useful nature in motor-car fittings or accessories which may be desired to be brought to the notice of our readers, and also to give advice as to the purchase of new or second-hand cars.

The advice given in these pages will be, it need perhaps hardly be mentioned, absolutely unbiased. The Motoring Editor is in a position of complete independence, and has no connection, in however remote a degree, with any firm of motor manufacturers.

Special arrangements are being made to set apart a portion of our advertising space for the insertion of particulars of vehicles for disposal, belonging to private owners, at reduced rates.

The "Gordon Bennett"

The great race has taken place under extremely auspicious circumstances, being favoured with the personal patronage of the German Emperor, magnificent weather, excellent police arrangements, and an entire absence of dust, owing to the course having been sprinkled with no less than one hundred and fifty tons of Westrumite. Fortunately, owing to the extraordinary skill of the various drivers, no accidents are to be recorded, but on the day previous an amateur, endeavouring to emulate these professional Jehus, was involved in a fatal accident.

Results

Théry, the winner, averaged ninety-five kilometres an hour, drove splendidly, and thoroughly deserved the high compliment paid him by His Majesty the German Emperor. Our own representatives did their *very* best, but Edge was greatly handicapped by the breaking of his crank shaft some days previously, and had to remain inactive till his friendly rival, Jarrott, just took him out for a sporting spin on his Wolseley, to show him the "twiddly bits." Jarrott and Girling drove their Wolseleys in fine style, but they are not fast enough, which is, perhaps, just as well, as no one particularly desires to see the

Photo by *Powell*

The Race for the Gordon Bennett Cup: Arrival of Jenatzy, who started first, and was first man in, taking second place according to time

race itself again held in these islands. The papers all unite in describing the proceedings, to the spectators, as being more or less dull, and all deprecate the continuance of this form of advertisement, at any rate under present conditions.

Some Sidelights

Of the actual details of the race itself, there is not very much to be said. Jenatzy, the holder of the Cup, started first, and made every effort to keep there. He had been over the route scores of times, and knew every twist and turn of it, the Mercédès Company leaving *no* stone unturned to win the trophy, having entered a total of five cars, three of which were built in Austria, from German designs, in order to come within the scope of the limitations as to place of origin. But it was not to be. Théry won, on a Georges-Richard-Brazier, a comparatively light car of 980 kilos of 80 h.-p., and he won because, as a simple fact, it was the fastest of the lot, although the lightest. This engine proved its value at the recent trials of motor boats, when the launch fitted with it easily beat all competitors. The French cars were consistently the best in their running, all three finishing. Two each finished for England (Girling and Jarrott, on the Wolseleys). Two Mercédès got through for Germany, but the Darracq did no better than in the Isle of Man. Two Mercédès finished for Austria, and one each of the nominees for Belgium and Italy, *i.e.*, Pipe and F.I.A.T. cars.

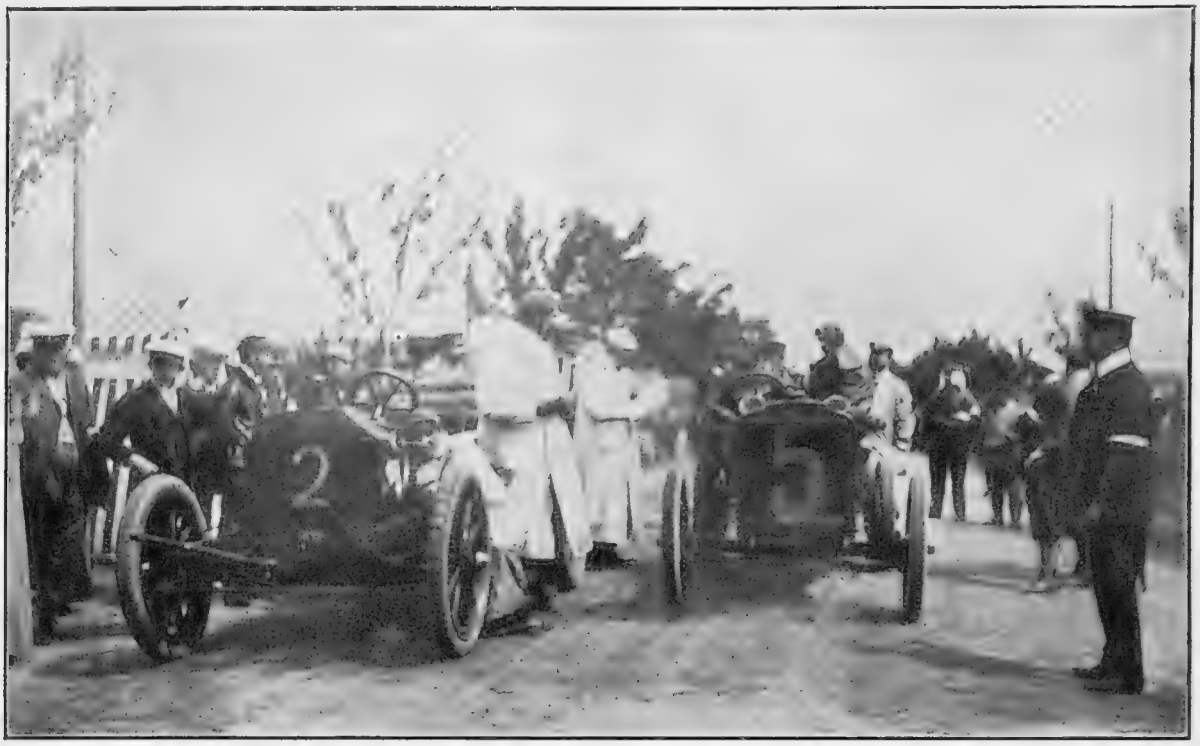
The Recent Trials

The results of the Reliability Trials of the Scottish Automobile Club are now to hand, and although the entries in the one-cylinder class were somewhat meagre, yet it is very evident that the ordinary touring car has now reached a very high degree of efficiency, as practically the whole of the vehicles starting from Glasgow reached London within the minimum time limit. The 6 h.-p. Wolseley, with a single cylinder, did the entire journey without the loss of a single mark from any cause whatever, and so earned a gold medal, and as this most excellent little automobile costs but £175, it is evidently here to stay. The Vauxhall, also, costing but £150, lost only seven marks, through changing a sparking plug, which puts it very nearly on a level with the Wolseley. In the two-cylinder class, the 10 h.-p. Argyll gained the full 1,000 marks, and also won a gold medal, non-stops being also made by the 12-h.p. Eagle, and the 12 h.-p. Arrol Johnston, the Ryknield losing two marks to take on water, as did the 12 h.-p. Siddeley. Of these, the Wolseley, Vauxhall, and Arrol Johnston have horizontal cylinders. Amongst the three cylinders, the gold medal was secured by the 20 h.-p. Thornycroft, while the 12 h.-p. Sunbeam won the full number of marks. The 14 h.-p. Renault lost one mark only, and the 16 h.-p. Argyll two marks. The 6 h.-p. Vauxhall and Wolseley both ran on Dunlop Tyres, the 10 h.-p. Gold Medal Argyll, costing £350, on Clincher-Michelins. The 12 h.-p. Eagle, costing £280, on Michelins, the 12 h.-p. Arrol Johnston, costing £470, on Shrewsbury Challiner Solids (amongst the best of the solid tyres), and the Ryknield, costing £367 10*s.*, on Continentals.

Second-hand Cars

The question of second-hand cars generally is now coming very much to the fore. Two years ago the market was flooded with all sorts of experimental vehicles, which had not realised the hopes of their progenitors, and, in confidence, we are bound to admit that sundry amongst them presented a peculiarly misbegotten appearance, viewed in the light of our latter-day developments. Well do I

Photos by] England's last hope in the Cup Race: The breakdown of Edge's Napier at Limburg [*Powell*



The winner, Théry (France), passing Edge's broken-down Napier at Limburg

remember, for instance, "The Oriental Express," a concern actuated by the tightening or loosening of a belt by means of jockey pullies; and, again, the gay "Charette," which was a stone of offence and a stumbling-block to many of us. Now, however, many excellent cars are beginning to seek new owners, owing to a craze on the part of erstwhile modest men for more power and higher speed, incited thereto by their lawful wives and daughters, who do not care to be ignominiously passed on the road by Mrs. Such-an-One in "the latest thing out."

C. G. Matson

Weighing-in of Cars at Elizabethanstrasse on the day before the Cup Race

The Gordon Bennett Cup Race: H.R.H. Prince Henry of Prussia Mr. W. C. White, and Mr. Ellison Armour, of Chicago, setting out for a trip on a 10 h.-p. steam car

Mr. Frederick Coleman accompanied the party, but, being busy with his camera, does not appear in the illustration

Answers to Correspondents

A. MACDONALD.—We are overwhelmed with queries, but will look into the matter and advise you by post.

X.—As you say "money is no object," why not have an 18 h.-p. Cannstatt Mercédès and done with it? It is absolutely at the very top of the tree, and not complicated.

IN DOUBT.—The firm is one of high standing in the motor world, and you may safely pay your deposit. They will deal with you perfectly fairly.

J. W.—You asked our advice, then go clean contrary to it, and apparently now request our sympathy. We have none to offer you.

GWLADYS.—You will get plenty of fun out of an Oldsmobile at £150. It will be just the very thing for you. Any lady can learn to drive it in an hour or two.

J. W. WATSON.—The "White" and the "Turner-Miesse" are excellent steam cars, you will do well with either of them. The "Keenlet" is a very clever little car also. See them all.

ARCHIE.—Do not buy it until it has been "vetted" by a thoroughly reliable expert. If you know of none, we will send you particulars and address, but you will have to pay his fee, which you will save over and over again.

ECONOMIC.—"The cheapest way to run a motor-car" is to buy a second-hand 3½ h.-p. Benz for £30. It will give you heaps of entertainment, and will, moreover, "get there" *every* time, but, of course, it is slow.

KILBRIDE.—Kindly refrain from calling on us, as you suggest, "with plans and working models of your new system, which is going to revolutionise the whole internal combustion engine." A truculent Commissionaire, of especially robust physique, has been told off to bar your entrance. Take warning!

PAPA, MAMMA, AND THE BOY.—Take our advice and leave three-seated cars alone. In them, much weight is thrown on engine and tyres, which neither can stand for long, and the rider in the back seat simply is smothered with dust. But plenty of excellent two-seated cars now abound, and we will advise you about any of them with pleasure.

N.F.—The question you raised in our last issue is one that is of great interest to prospective owners, and more especially to those with limited banking accounts. To begin at the top, ten shillings a week is the usual charge at any London *garage* for housing a car, which does not include cleaning it. In the country, for half this sum the vehicle may be housed at any hotel or livery stables, in a dry coach house, and one shilling is the usual charge for washing it, which in dry weather is by no means a daily necessity. By far the best plan, however, is to hire some good lock-up weatherproof shed near at hand, at about 3*s.* 6*d.* a week, and have a boy instructed as to how to clean the car, observing that the more the paint is washed, the better it looks, and the varnish is kept harder thereby. The question of "cost of using" depends upon a variety of considerations. Generally speaking, expense is mainly a question of tyres.

NOTICE TO MOTORISTS

Owners of motor-cars, wishing to sell them, or readers wishing to obtain new or second-hand cars, can now advertise their requirements in our Automobile pages, for which we are reserving space.

We believe that by doing this we shall be providing a long-felt want to motor lovers, as many bargains, agreeable to both parties, may thus be arranged.

The cost of these small Advertisements to our readers will be 1s. 3d. per line, with a minimum cost of five shillings. Advertisements, which must be prepaid, should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "The Bystander," Tallis Street, E.C.

LAWN TENNIS:

The Championships

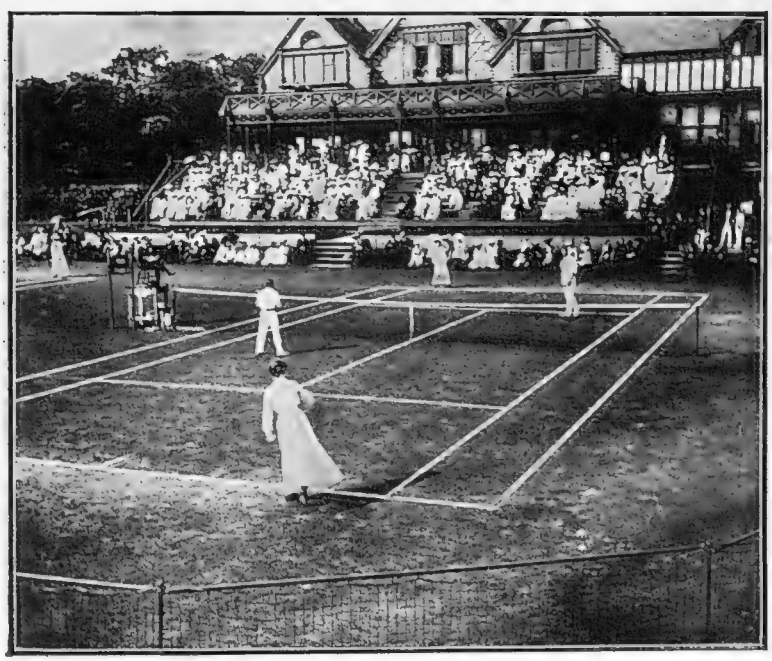
S. H. Smith

The famous Stroud player, who beat Riseley, the challenger, in the Open Singles at Liverpool. Smith's "drive" has become proverbial

F. Riseley looks pleasantly at our photographer

The Northern Championships

The Northern Tournament, held at Aigtruth, is one of the most important meetings of the year, and the hospitality of the committee to visitors is renowned. The entries, this year, were quite up to the level of past meetings. Miss Douglass won the Ladies' Singles, after a tussle with Mrs. Sterry in the final. F. Riseley, after beating A. W. Gore in the Men's Singles, fell a victim to S. H. Smith, who won outright the valuable Challenge Bowl by his third successive victory. Smith was the more elated at his victory because it is the first time he has met Riseley since the old Cliftonian beat him at Wimbledon last year, after a terrific struggle. The Mixed Doubles Championship was won by Smith and Miss Thomson, who defeated A. W. Gore and Miss C. M. Wilson in the Challenge Round

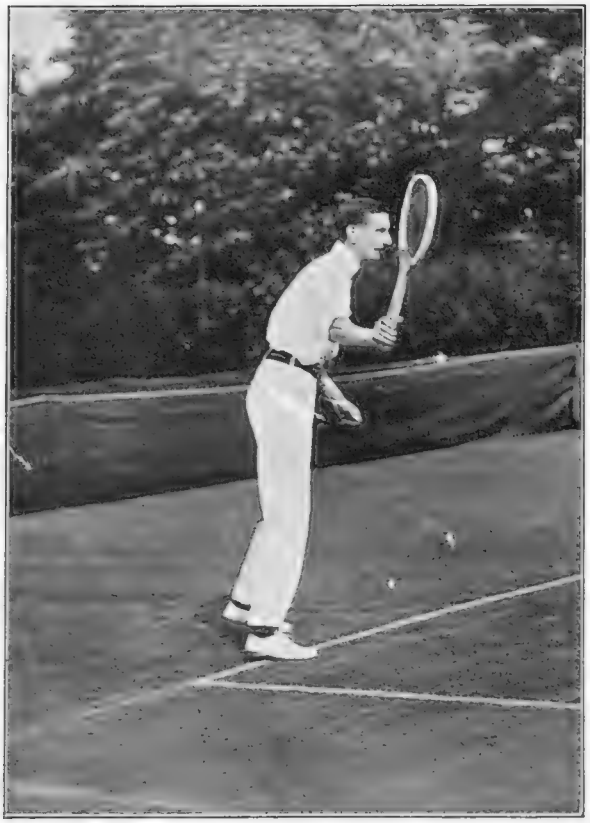


Northern Championships: The Mixed Doubles

Mahony and Mrs. Sterry (serving) v. A. W. Gore and Miss C. M. Wilson. The latter pair won, but were eventually beaten by Smith and Miss Thomson

The Wimbledon Championship

Speaking of Wimbledon brings us to the Blue Riband of the Lawn Tennis World. At the time of writing, events are not very far advanced. The two Belgians, P. de Borman and W. Lemaire, have got to the fourth round, but probably the former will receive his *coup de grâce* at the hands of M. J. G. Ritchie, if the latter puts out Lemaire. De Borman is not a pretty player to watch, and I



C. F. Simond,

Who was beaten in the first round by W. Lemaire

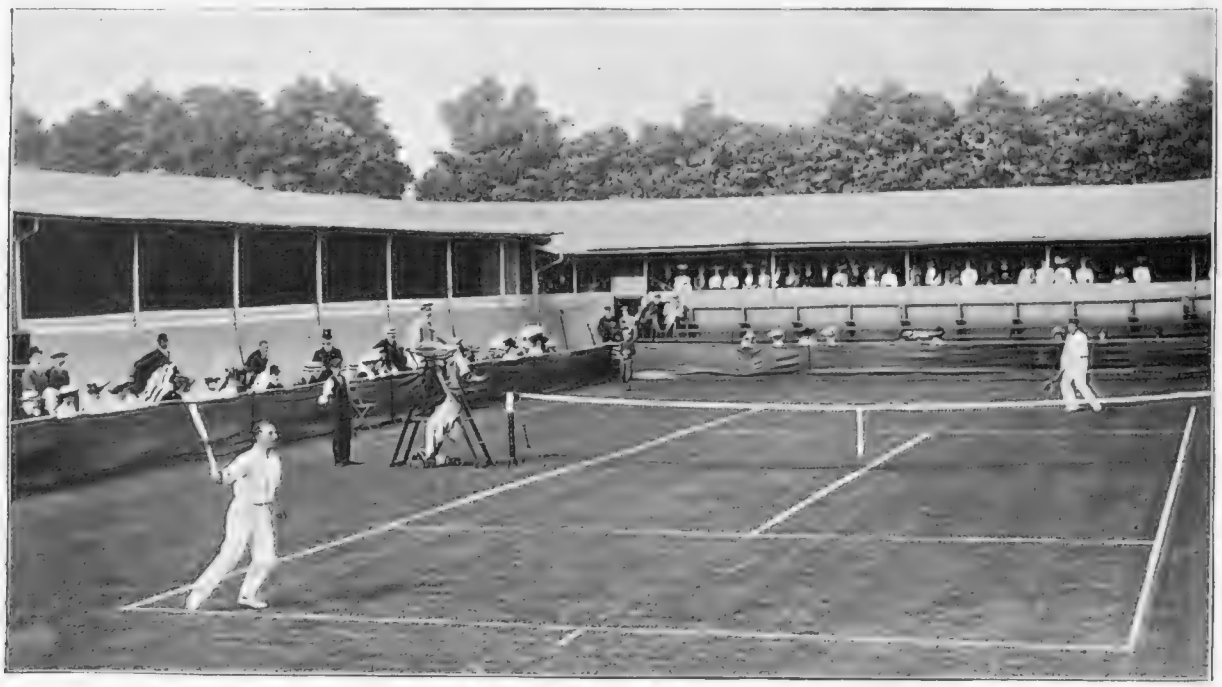
should not class him as a first-class player. S. H. Adams has by now met Lemaire, and Adams, as a player who consistently improves, may very well defeat his opponent.

Two University Players

A. F. Wilding gave a very good exposition against H. S. Mahony, the games being 4—6, 6—4, 11—9, 6—1. The young Cantab gave an excellent display, and Mahony has to thank his superior knowledge of tactics and some luck for having successfully defeated his opponent. W. C. Crawley, the Oxonian, also made a splendid fight against G. A. Caridia, but was beaten eventually. It is early yet to talk of the winner, who has the honour to challenge H. L. Doherty for the Championship, but, speaking offhand, I should say in the bottom half F. Riseley will pull through, if he beats Ritchie; while in the top half, S. H. Smith, who is in good form, ought to keep up his end. In this event Smith and Riseley will meet once more, and since the last mentioned has a partiality for the Wimbledon courts, he may very well turn the tables on his late vanquisher. Of the other events, it is yet too early to speak.

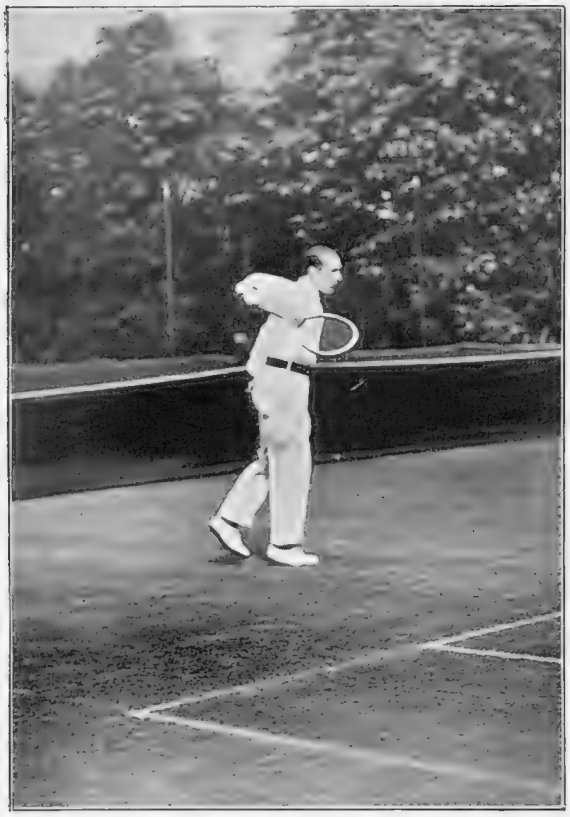
A Word of Ourselves

It is encouraging to find that the attention given in this journal to lawn tennis is attracting players. Of course, we do not attempt to compete with our contemporar, *Lawn Tennis*, which is so admirably conducted, but the general press, principally through ignorance, has greatly neglected what I consider the finest outdoor pastime during the summer months. Our aim is to assist the official paper of lawn tennis and croquet by publishing photographs and comments of topical interest. If any of our readers have practical suggestions to make to us respecting our methods of doing this, by which we can improve our present arrangements, they will be carefully considered by QUIDNUNC.



All England Championship Singles: G. A. Caridia beats W. C. Crawley

This was a very hard match, the Oxonian being defeated by three sets to one. The score being 1—6, 12—10, 6—0, 6—2

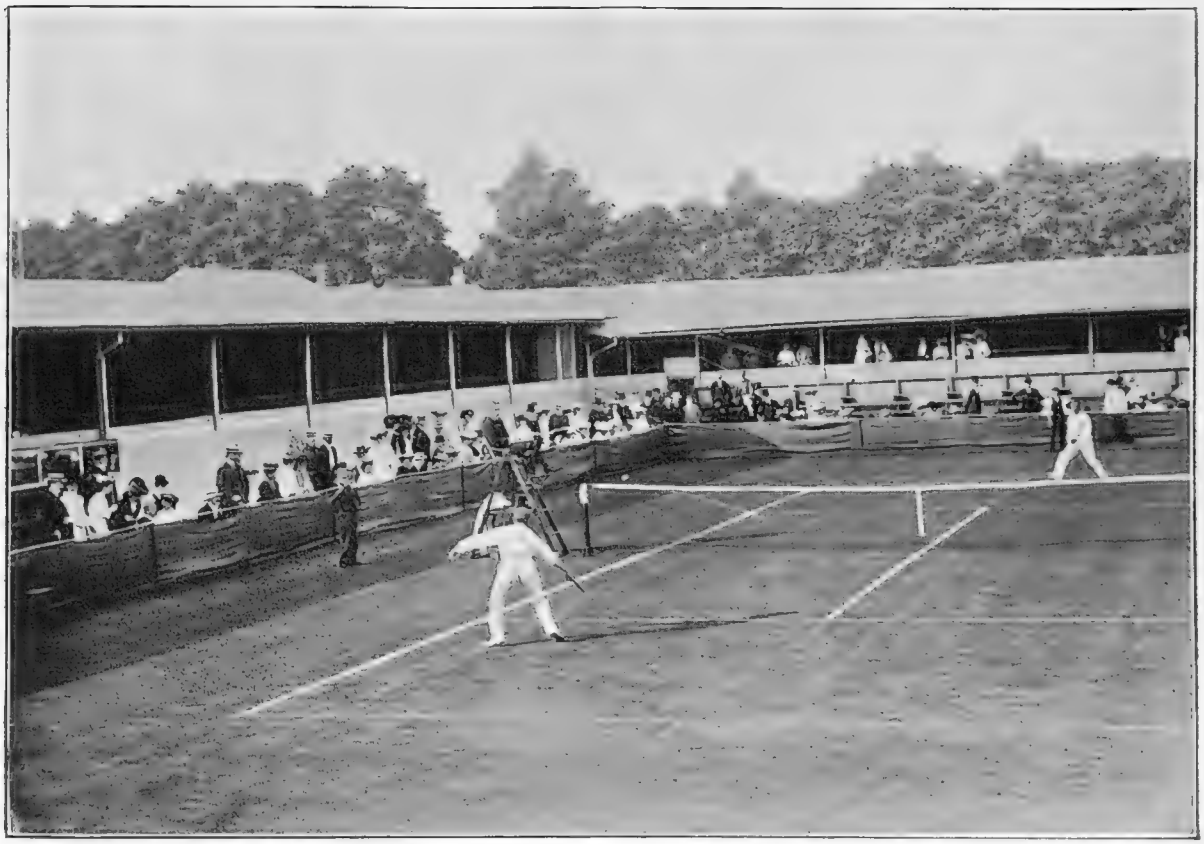


W. Lemaire

Who plays a steady, careful game, and uses excellent judgment

P. de Borman

Champion of Belgium. De Borman has an unpleasant screw service, and a severe top-spin on his drive



P. de Borman v. L. H. Escombe

De Borman won by three sets to love (7—5, 6—2 6—3), his service and drive considerably puzzling his opponent

AMERICAN TOPICS

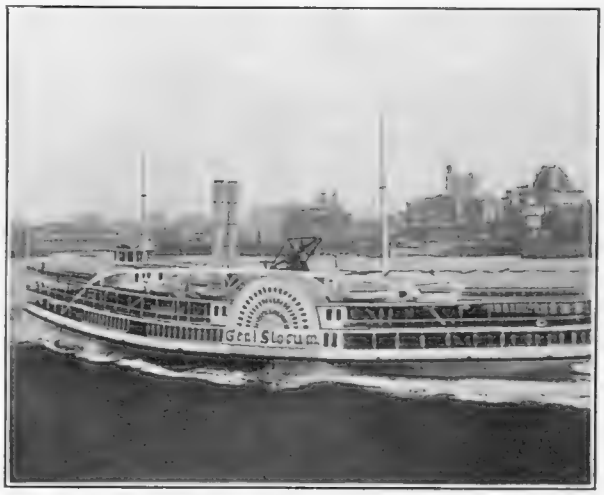
It is of no use for the New Journalism to try to come up with achievements of the Yellow Press in its own country. In a famous paper of that school, just to hand by mail, occurs the following unapproachable headline:

TALL APE WITH HEAD
LIKE A STATESMAN
IS IN TOWN.

And the item of news so introduced begins with the following exercise of journalistic fancy:

Competing with Plato and Diogenes for apparent wisdom; with Robert Fitzsimmons for length of arms, and with Lord Chesterfield for suavity of manner, the largest orang-outang ever in this country sits placidly in the centre of New York City, a puzzle to phrenologists and a wonder of the general observer.

After this, the boldest efforts of the most modern of British sub-editors seem to belong in the "also ran" class.



The ill-fated *General Slocum*

The American excursion steamer which caught fire in Hell Gate, East River, New York, resulting in a holocaust of over 600 women and children

It may be doubted whether that prominent citizen, Dr. Dowie, made a single convert during his late meteoric visit to British shores; but there is evidence that in the visit to Australia, which preceded it, he was more successful, in spite of many reports of his having had a most discouraging reception there. For the mails from British Columbia announce the arrival of the steamer *Manuka* from South Australia, bringing, among others, sixty-two persons swept into the Dowie fold by the Prophet on his recent campaign in the Commonwealth. These will by this time have arrived safely at Zion City, and begun to qualify for United States citizenship. But it is not likely that Dowie has drawn very largely upon the small population of Australia to feed that of Illinois—that sixty-two probably represents the total.

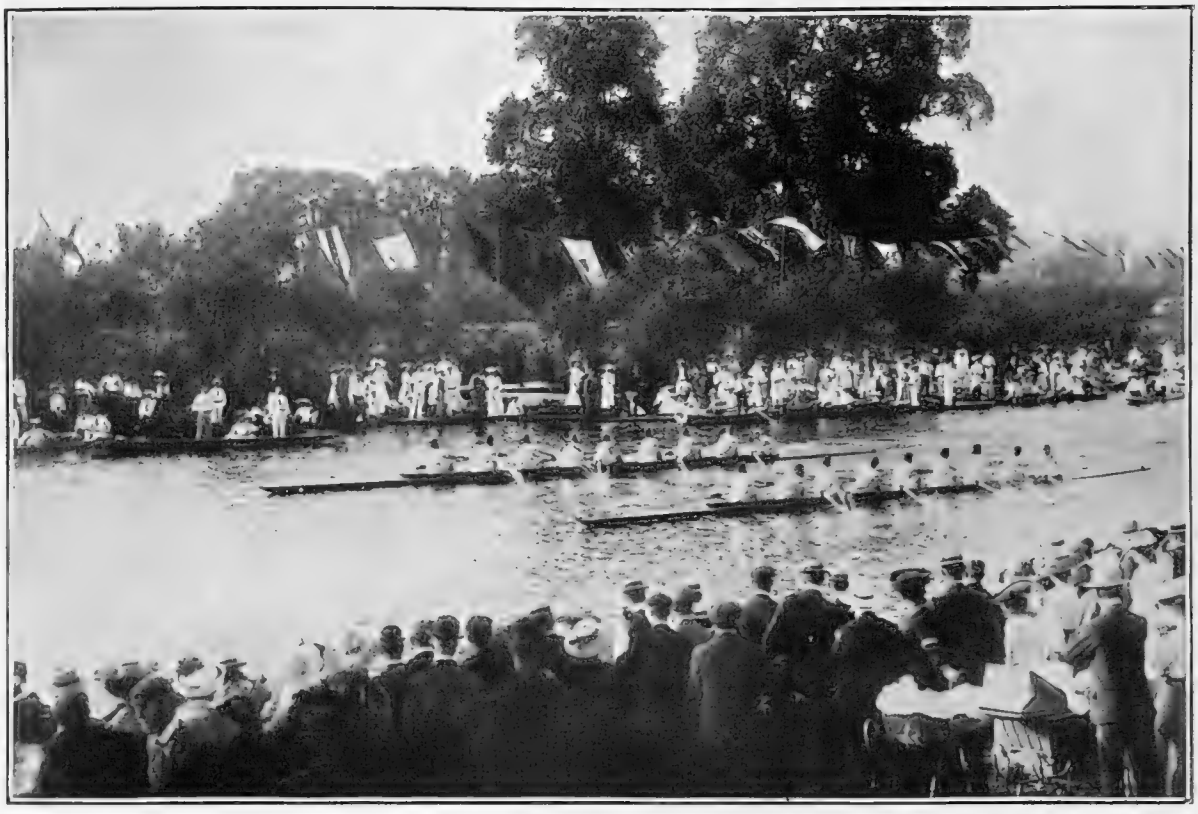
Meanwhile, the power of a "freak" religion far more ridiculous than Dowie's—the Mormon Church—shows no signs of failing. It was noted at the recent annual meeting of the Congregational Education Society that the society's progress in Utah had been seriously interfered with by the Mormon authorities, who have no mind to admit a proselytising rival into their field of influence.

From the Chicago Theatre fire to the burning of a section of Baltimore; from that to the collapse of the Darlington Hotel in New York; and thence to the frightful affair of the *General Slocum*, with its holocaust of women and children—such is the record of accidents on a grand scale, with or without terrible loss of life, in less than six months. Americans are not thoughtless enough to miss the significance of this extraordinary tale of disasters. The disposition to take risks, which is an element of the national character, lies behind all these, as behind scores of less sensational events of the same kind that have occurred in the same period. The journals may speak of "fatalities." Dr. Dowie may discern a visitation of the outraged Power which, according to him, disapproves of the use of tobacco and pork Candid critics may talk—and wisely, too, so far as that goes—of the rottenness of municipal government, which leads to the neglect of public duties of inspection and precaution. But the fact at the bottom of it all is the national disregard of that one chance in a hundred about which Europeans worry themselves. The results may be balanced by anyone for himself: on the one hand, quick work and great economies of time and trouble; on the other, the liability to appalling disasters.

It may be noted, by the way, on whom the worst of these disasters have recently fallen. Both in the Iroquois Theatre and on the *General Slocum*, it was women and children, almost to the exclusion of men, who were burned to death by the hundred

Sensational news affecting the "colour question" comes from the gaol at Long Island, where Silas Ward, a negro, has been imprisoned for indulging his racial weakness for stealing chickens. He is slowly turning white—the change being due, it is suggested, to the fright he sustained on being arrested. But we hear nothing of any change of colour in the numerous negroes who have been shot and clubbed and burned to death lately by mobs in the land which Mr. Roosevelt has just been holding up to South America as a model of civil order.

ROWING: SCENES AT WALTON REGATTA



Senior Eights Final: Thames v. London

This was the best race of the day. London Rowing Club, after being a quarter of a length behind for three parts of the course, spurted, and eventually won by a couple of feet

The Social Element of the Regatta

Brilliant weather helped to make the Regatta a great success this year, and, as can be seen from the above illustration, there was a large turn-out in boats and on the towpath

Bridge. By "Problematicus"

PRIZEWINNERS AND SOLUTION OF OUR SEVENTH FORTNIGHTLY COMPETITION

SOLUTION OF THE PLAY OF HAND VII.

Tricks	Y	B	Z	A
1	♠ A	♠ 2	♠ 3	♠ 5
2	♣ 10	♣ J	♣ 6	♣ Q
3	♠ 4	♡ 4	♠ 7	♠ 6
4	♡ 3	♡ A	♡ 2	♠ 8
5	♡ 7	♡ 5	♡ Q	♦ 2
6	♦ J	♦ A	♦ 9	♦ 6
7	♦ K	♦ 3	♦ 5	♦ 7
8	♣ 3	♣ 7	♣ A	♣ 4
9	♦ 4	♡ 6	♠ K	♠ 10
10	♡ 9	♦ 10	♣ 8	♦ Q
11	♡ K	♡ 8	♣ 9	♣ 5
12	♡ J	♡ 10	♠ 9	♠ Q
13	♣ 2	♦ 8	♠ J	♣ K

Y Z win 7 Tricks.
A B win 6 Tricks.

There are a number of fresh names among our prizewinners this week; and whether it is that the sunny weather, or Ascot, is distracting to the Bridge mind we do not know, but some of our most strenuous and successful competitors do not seem to have handled the problem with their usual grip and thoroughness. Therefore, after the Ninth has appeared, we shall discontinue the competitions until September. The redoubtable Mr. John Nachbar has returned to the fray; and it seems very hard indeed for any variation in the correct play to escape his acute mind.

The First Prize of **£3 3 0** has been awarded to:
JOHN NACHBAR, Esq., 30 F, Great Marylebone Street, London, W.

The Second Prize of **£2 2 0** has been awarded to:
F. R. BURROW, Esq., St. James's, Malvern.

The Third Prize of **£1 1 0** is awarded to:
ARTHUR E. CURRY, Esq., 57, Plymouth Grove, Manchester.

Ten further Prizes of Two Packs of the charming BYSTANDER Playing Cards, in box, have been awarded to:
Mrs. E. A. Crawley, Elvetham, Carshalton.
Mrs. S. C. Thompson, Budleigh, Salterton, Devon.
Mrs. M. Hely Hutchinson, Falmouth House, Cargate Avenue, Aldershot.
Mrs A. Sissons, 22, Beresford Avenue, Newland.
Major H. H. Rich, R.A., Mountain Ash, Abbey Wood.
Frederick Thomas Frampton, Esq., Lansdowne, Paignton, South Devon.
C. A. Browne, Esq., Stirling Villa, South Farnborough, Hants.
G. M. Simond, Esq., 47, Norland Square, London, W.
Henry Gandy, Esq., Skirsgill Park, Penrith, Cumberland.
G. E. Stewart, Esq., Rainford Road, St. Helens.

There are two or three variations of the play of the hand, and the two leading competitors pointed out most of them in their notes; but, if they make no mistakes, Y Z must make the odd trick.

Trick 1. There can be no doubt about the ace of spades being the best lead, since Y is sure to be able to trump the third round if he wants to. Many competitors began with a trump, on the ground Y was sure of leading through the strong suit. The probability is that he will find B not only strong, but very strong, and his own trumps are so good that he can hardly hope to find anything in his partner. He should lead the ace of spades, and take the advantage of having a second lead, with a knowledge of all four hands, a great advantage at Double Dummy. He can lead a trump then if he wants to.

Trick 2. It is better to open clubs, rather than force Dummy with a spade. Z must hold up his ace of clubs, or he will lose the odd trick. Since he holds it up, A, who put on B's knave to entice Y to play the ace, wins with the queen in order to lead a spade to rough.

Trick 4. B's trumps are led out to make the third round of diamonds safe from being trumped.

Trick 6. Z leads nine of diamonds as highest of short suit.

Trick 9. It makes no difference whether Y discards the club or the diamond.

Many of the competitors made Y double; but with the strength in trumps over him, I doubt that he is justified in doing so.

A. N. B.—The 4th edition of Hellespont on Bridge, or "Bridge" by Badsworth, are as good authorities as you can read on the game.

The Competition, of which the solution and prizewinners are given above, was the seventh in our series of Fortnightly One-Hand Competitions, and appeared in our issue for June 8. Next week will be given the hand for our Ninth Fortnightly Competition for similar Cash and Consolation Prizes

Cards from the BYSTANDER Bridge Box

The Connoisseur

THE CHAPEL OF THE PYX

The current number of the *Cornhill* contains an interesting article on Westminster Abbey, which gives the substance of the Dean of Westminster's recent lecture at the Royal Institution. One main theme of the Dean's lecture was, in effect, What will become of the Chapel of the Pyx? Recently there was an effort to have the chapel, which is now divided into four rooms, opened to the public; before that it was proposed that a columbarium should be set up there; but now the idea is rather that it should be handed over to the Dean and Chapter, and used, perhaps, for the interment of the nation's most honoured dead. The Chapel now bears a name that suggests the case or vase in which the Host is reserved, and really, of course, refers to the box used in the British Mint as a place of deposit for the coins taken for a trial of the weight and fineness of metal before it is sent from the Mint. The walls are extraordinarily thick, and the chamber itself about thirty feet square. It has seen many changes in its long life, and should the idea that the Dean of Westminster now puts forward as a sort of solution of the great burial problem in the Abbey be found within the range of Chapter politics, the Chapel itself, which has seen so many changes, would no doubt welcome so honourable an end. It was part of the Abbey buildings when Edward the Confessor was King. In Plantagenet times the Crown jewels were kept here. It is said that, on one occasion, they were stolen by monks, who were sent to the Tower, with one exception, who, in a spirit of revenge, unknown to modern jurisprudence, was flayed alive, and the skin nailed to the door, of which we give a photograph. This door, despite its seven locks, must have been broken open when the Commonwealth leaders seized the Regalia, and must have heard the tramp of armed men on many occasions. Later, its fortunes fell upon simple days, and Exchequer tallies and various records of the State were kept there, and, later still, the *pyxis*—for the standard gold and silver of the realm—rested there, and gave a name to the Chapel. It is now in the hands of the Office of Works, and, as it belongs to the public, they might well decide whether or no the Dean's views are just. Shall it be pigeons or imperishable memories? E. M.

Door leading to the Chapel of the Pyx

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

[The Editor feels it necessary to disclaim any responsibility for Calpurnia's abuse of the sterner sex. It is as well to give a fair contributor who feels she voices a grievance the opportunity of giving vent to it occasionally. Such outbursts clear the air, if they do no further good.]

Eve and the Apple

Where would man be if it were not for woman? That is a question that has often been asked, and should be asked again and again whenever men show a disposition to underrate the obvious importance and even superiority of women in the scheme of the universe. The shallow reply that he would still be in the Garden of Eden need not be seriously considered. But even if it deserved to be, there would be a good deal to say upon the subject. Does anybody really suppose that if Eve had not handed that apple to Adam, he would not, sooner or later, have eaten it of his own accord? Of course he would. The only difference would have been that he would not have had the common politeness to offer it to her when he had tasted it. He would have eaten it all himself. Whereas the first recorded action of the first recorded woman is an act of politeness.

Men and Women Cooks

Now this significant fact, of the first woman's unselfish politeness towards man in a matter of food is characteristic of woman to this day. There have been, and still are, good man cooks, of course, and the best of these are supposed to be better than women cooks. They are not so in reality, but they have agreed to demand higher wages, and are, therefore, more highly valued as being more expensive. That is the way of the world, and the point need not be laboured. Nobody, at any rate, will deny that the majority of cooks all the world over are women. Now, why is this? Do women care for sumptuous cookery for themselves? Not at all. They cook for the sake of the men, and their doing so is a standing instance o the bright unselfishness that runs through their nature.

Man's Luncheon

Perhaps it may be said that this statement, that women do not care for elaborate cookery, stands in need of proof. It does nothing of the sort, but I have no objection to illustrating it. Supposing a man and his wife, of good position and living, let us say, in the country within reach of town, go up together for the day, each on their own business The man will go off and buy his horse, or get his hair cut or his life insured, or do whatever he has come up to town to do, and about one o'clock, or as soon as his undisciplined nature bids him, he will drop into his club and buy himself as much expensive food and drink as he can swallow without being ill. Or, if he be more than usually shameless, he will go to the Carlton, or the Imperial, or some other place where sumptuous food is prepared, and, to use his own disgusting expression, "blow himself out" there.

Woman's Luncheon

Now, what will the wife do if left to her own devices? Leaving her husband to follow whatever trifling pursuit he may dignify by the name of business, she will go off to the establishments she patronises, and the hours will slip by so quickly that probably before she has made up her mind about a single purchase, the man, if he were with her, would be crying out for food. The woman never thinks of such a thing, and it may not be until two or three o'clock in the afternoon that she is ready to consider the question of bodily nourishment. What does she do then? Why, goes to a bun shop and orders chocolates and ices, perhaps with a cucumber sandwich, or a mutton cutlet to accompany them. And her bill, allowing twopence for the waitress, in places where gratuities are not forbidden, will be one and fourpence, at the outside, while the man who promised, at the altar, to comfort her in sickness and in health, will hardly have any change, to speak of, out of a sovereign. And yet he will behave like an ogre if, after a hard morning's work, she has spent a few pounds more on a hat than she ought to have. Oh, but you know it makes your blood boil!

Man at Home

And if you follow the same couple to their well-appointed home, and imagine the husband left to himself for a few days. What happens? All the pretty rooms of the house will be shut up, not for economy's sake, but because he doesn't care to use them, and he will live in his smoking-room. Dogs everywhere, pipes everywhere, no tidiness, no flowers, unless a maid, with the soul of a true woman, puts a few on his table—and then he will drop cigar ash into the vases—no comfort, except that of mere bodily ease. But wait till dinner-time. Woe betide the wretched servants if that sacred occasion suffers in any way from the absence of the mistress! Dish after dish, just as if there were a party, butler, and perhaps two footmen, saving him all trouble, except that of just putting the viands into his mouth—liqueur, coffee, cigar—that's a man dining alone.

Woman at Home

And look at the other side of the picture—the refined woman in solitude. Her morning-room or her drawing-room full of flowers, ready for the Queen to see if she happened to be calling; everything just as usual. And do you suppose that *she* is going through a solemn, heavy meal alone, with three great hulking men to watch every morsel that goes into her mouth? Not she! She has put up with enough of that to please her husband. She will dine simply, in the middle of the day, with her children. Roast mutton and rice pudding will be quite enough for her, and perhaps a maraschino jelly. And in the evening she will put on a teagown, and have something nice on a tray that gives the servants no trouble and does not necessitate sitting for an hour at table. The fact of the matter is, that men are not only selfish, but greedy.

CALPURNIA.

"The Dumb Inarticulate Cry of Pagan London"

ARCHDEACON SINCLAIR'S REPLY TO MISS CORELLI

For several years I have had the pleasure of being acquainted with Miss Marie Corelli, and one of the interests of my visits to friends in Warwickshire has been the probability of listening to her brilliant and animated conversation. I have been her guest at Stratford, and we have had discussions on many subjects. I was sure, therefore, when she wrote on the spiritual destitution of London that she would have something helpful and useful to say. The clergy are anxious to see themselves as others see them, and to obtain light and leading in their overwhelming task.

I was addressing the clergy of my Archdeaconry in the annual "Charge" at my Visitation, and was endeavouring to urge them to greater efforts than ever to overcome the spiritual dearth which has long been obvious to most of us, and which has been brought forward lately in a telling manner by Mr. Charles Booth, the statistician, and by the census of the *Daily News*. It is difficult for reports to be accurate; but I did not say "London is a pagan city." I was quoting some pathetic words in the Book of Jonah: "'What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise and call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, and that we perish not!' That is the dumb, inarticulate cry of pagan London to-day, to the Bishop of London's Fund, to the Diocesan authorities, to ourselves." Hepworth Dixon used to write books on different aspects of London: "Orthodox London," "Unorthodox London, "Heterodox London," and the like. In that way I spoke of "pagan London," not for a moment meaning that all London was pagan, but describing that aspect of London which is presented by those who are indifferent to Christianity; just as I should speak of "charitable London" when dealing with all the great works of Christian benevolence, or "fashionable London," when dealing with the life of the West End, or "pauper London," when touching on questions of the Poor-Law. I don't think the phrase is offensive: pagans may have many virtues and excellences; but I was speaking from the Christian point of view to Christian ministers, and using the word as a reproach rather to ourselves, and as a motive for such better efforts as Miss Corelli so well describes.

It must also be remembered that I was speaking strictly of London, and not of the country; and of the Diocese of London, with which I have an intimate acquaintance of nearly thirty years. The Diocese of London is London north of the Thames: exactly the county of Middlesex. My friend, Canon Allen Edwards, was speaking of the Diocese of Rochester, which includes London south of the Thames, about which, of course, he has a right to express an opinion.

Among the 20,000 clergy of the Church of England there are, no doubt, some who are a hindrance to the work of Christianity; but, certainly, it would be difficult to find a more earnest, devoted, self-sacrificing, zealous, sincere, and hard-working set of men than the vast majority of the London clergy. Take the names of the Rural Deaneries and districts, Bethnal Green, Finsbury, Hackney, Holborn, Islington, Poplar, Shoreditch, Stepney, Whitechapel, Spitalfields, Hoxton, Haggerston, and the like: who would elect to live in such places, except for the love of the work itself? There are some 550 benefices in this diocese, from which we may subtract the 50 City churches, as they are quite exceptional and by themselves. These 500 benefices represent something like 1,200 clergy, and I would cite the evidence of Mr. Charles Booth, that most careful and judicious of investigators, to know whether they are not, in different ways, from different standpoints, and with very different abilities, devoting themselves heart and soul to the welfare of their people, both spiritual and temporal. Bishop Temple could never speak of the work of the London clergy, often so humble, obscure, and without hope of earthly reward, without tears in his eyes.

I really do not think that we can find among the London clergy the terrible ecclesiastics who do not believe one word of the creed they profess. Broad Churchmen we have, and men from whom I profoundly differ; but I believe that they hold their interpretation of the creed to be the true one. Canon Henson has been preaching and writing in a broad sense lately; but, then, his church is one of the full ones. Nor do I find it easy to realise among the hard-working London clergy the men who preach to others what they do not try to practise; nor the vicious and worldly clerical *bon-vivants*. No doubt they exist somewhere: but in London men are too busy and too poor. The stipends for the most part are very small, the meals meagre, the fasting (one might say, it is almost proverbial that you very rarely meet a clergyman at a London dinner-party) necessary and perpetual. With regard to simplicity and moderation in services, I am wholly at one with my friend, Miss Corelli. In my charge I quoted Mr. Booth on this very point: in the concluding volume of his monumental work, in speaking of churches of an essentially central, moderate, and parochial character, he says: "In these nothing extreme is admitted; attraction on the

one side is never carried so far as to become repulsion on the other; and in seeking to meet the wishes of most, while, if possible, excluding none, these parishes are the best representatives of our much-loved . . . . National Church. They hold a central position, and include the largest organisations and the most enlightened administration."

My friend uses some admirable words as an ideal for the clergy: "They are chosen out and solemnly ordained to be the friends, lovers, and guides of humanity." Such an ideal the London clergy constantly have in view. They are untiring in discussing the best methods of work in their Ruri-decanal Conferences, the Diocesan Conference, and every other meeting. They labour night and day for the good of the people. The point of my charge was that as the results are full of encouragement where the staff is adequate and the provision of means sufficient, it is deplorable that in so many parishes the staff is utterly inadequate, and the available resources far too small.

May I add a word in explanation of my simile of the coloured lamps (I did not use the expression "fairy lamps"). It was to illustrate the fact that, even if our churches were all full, yet, as they only hold from 500 to 1,000 or so each, they would leave a great majority outside unprovided for in such parishes as those 136 which I mentioned as having populations varying from 9,000 to 30,000.

I am truly glad that Canon Allen Edwards, Miss Corelli, several newspapers, and others are interested in this question, and I trust that further investigation and knowledge of the facts will enable the activities of the London clergy of all denominations to be greatly enlarged and invigorated.

William Sinclair
Archdeacon of London.

We have received a number of letters, on the subject of Miss Marie Corelli's article on "Pagan London," but owing to pressure on our space we are compelled to hold over the correspondence until next week.

Notice to our Readers.

Last week our issue was entirely sold out within twenty-four hours of publication. Hundreds of people have written complaining that they could not obtain a copy, including many early subscribers, who have been warned that this would be the case and that we could not, under any circumstances, publish a second edition.

For the convenience of those who have not succeeded in reading Miss Corelli's striking article, we beg to give notice that we have reprinted it, together with a portrait of Archdeacon Sinclair, D.D., the originator of the phrase "Pagan" London, and this reprint our publisher will be pleased to forward on receipt of three penny stamps.

We take this opportunity of suggesting to our readers that, in order to ensure the receipt of a copy in future, they should place orders in advance with their newsagents.

HARROGATE: THE NORTHERN SPA

(*Holiday Resort Supplement No. II.*)

WEEK in Harrogate does me more good than a month at Homburg." These words fell from the lips of a military-looking gentleman as he sat on the Terrace overlooking the Stray, in the famous Yorkshire spa; and it is surprising that so many people endure the uncomfortable crossing of the English Channel and the fatigue of a long journey, in order to reach some foreign spa, when there is, within easy access of any part of Britain, a mineral watering-place which can justly challenge all Europe for the virtue of its waters and the salubrity of its atmosphere Situated on a moorland plateau, at a mean altitude of 400 feet, the climate of Harrogate is dry and bracing—an invaluable auxiliary to the healing virtues of the baths and waters. The town possesses two distinct climates, that in higher Harrogate being open and invigorating, and in lower Harrogate it is mild enough for the most sensitive invalid. From observations recorded, it has been clearly demonstrated that Harrogate is one of the sunniest places in the kingdom, and especially is this the case during the winter months. The lover of statistics will be interested to learn that the mortality in this Northern spa is remarkably low, averaging only 12·7 per 1,000 during the past seven years, during which period it has ruled as low as 10·3. The sanitary arrangements are unexcelled in the world, with the result that zymotic disease is practically unknown in the borough, a fact which, unfortunately, cannot be recorded in connection with many of the much-vaunted Continental spas. This fact, too, has had a remarkable influence upon the development of Harrogate as a place of residence, with the result that, within

Photo by] [*Davey*

Prospect Hill and Crescent, Harrogate

The garden seen in the foregrou d is a corner of "The Stray," which is the curious Harrogate nam· or a splendidly laid out common of about 200 acres, which is open in its entirety to the public. Beautiful roads and footpaths abound in the neighbourhood, and these, together with "The Stray," are features of which the Harrogate people are justly proud

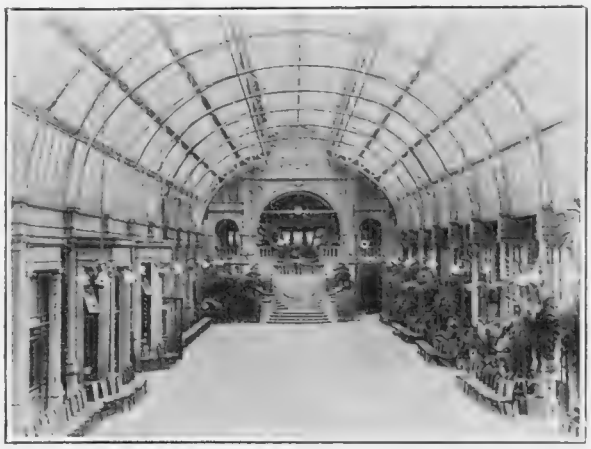
recent years, the population has jumped from 9,000 to 30,000. The Corporation have laid out the town with exceptional taste, and the architectural features have reached a high standard. The provision for invalids and visitors generally is ample, and suited to the requirements of all classes, while the facilities for open-air exercise are exceptionally good. The famous Stray has a world-wide reputation. It consists of some 200 acres of beautiful greensward, intersected by paths in every direction, with an abundant supply of seats. The absence of any restrictions, and the lack of the peremptory notice, "Keep off the grass," is delightfully conducive to freedom of motion, and a more pleasant spot in which to stroll about would be difficult to find. Bath chairs are provided for the use of invalids, and a speciality is made of cycle bath chairs, which are highly appreciated by those who have used them. The town possesses excellent roadways and footpaths, twenty-four miles of which are asphalted, making an ideal course for carriages of all descriptions. As a centre for cycling and motoring, Harrogate may be regarded as unique. It is situated in the centre of a charming district, with roadways of excellent surface and easy gradient radiating in all directions.

Photo by *Davey*

A Remarkable Rocking Stone

Four of these natural curiosities are to be seen within easy distance of Harrogate, at Brimham Rocks. At this place, groups of huge rocks cover an area of forty acres

Those who go to Harrogate to drink the waters and take the baths, will be interested in knowing that, prior to 1571, the site upon which the town now stands was a vast heath in the midst of the Forest of Knaresborough. About that time, Sir William Slingsby, whose monument may now be seen in the parish church in the adjacent town of Knaresborough, having visited several of the famous Continental spas, discovered that one of the springs on the heath possessed similar qualities to those he had travelled far to seek. He thereupon had it cleansed from pollution and enclosed in a basin of stone. Its efficacy as a curative medium soon spread far and wide, and the nobility and gentry of the time flocked to it in large numbers. The well still exists, at the southern edge of The Stray, and is known as the Tewit Well. It is a chalybeate spring, a second one being discovered in 1631, in Wetherby Road, near Christ Church. In 1687 the first hotel was built, and the subsequent rise of the town as a fashionable watering-place was the natural consequence of its healthy situation and the valuable properties of its waters.



The Winter Garden at the Royal Baths

At the present time there are no less than eighty known springs, varying in strength and quality.

The Harrogate waters are beneficial in cases of rheumatism, chronic skin diseases, disorders of the liver, kidney disease, gout, chronic catarrhs, dyspepsia, nerve disorders, anæmia, debility, etc. The Corporation have made ample provision for bathing, and recent improvements have made it possible to supply the strongest sulphur bath in Europe. The Royal Baths, a palatial structure, recently erected at a cost of £120,000, are replete with every luxury, and may be regarded as equal, if not superior to,

Photos by

View of the old Sulphur Well from Valley Gardens

Henry Walker

The exterior of the Royal Baths Harrogate

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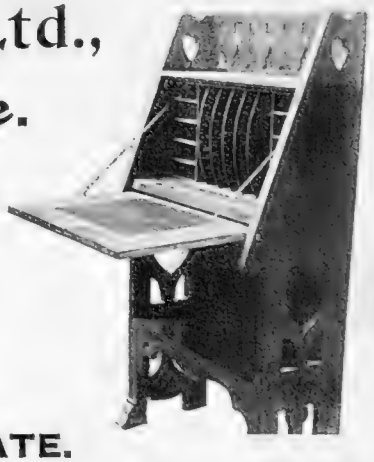

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anything of the kind in existence. They are provided with the noted special combination, with shower, wave ascending, descending, and spinal douches, the Harrogate and Vichy Massage Douche, vapour, needle, sun, Nauheim, electric water, Turkish, and other baths. In addition to the provision of baths and pump rooms, the Corporation have made every effort to provide sheltered retreats within easy distance of any part of the Borough. The Valley Gardens, the Royal Spa Gardens, the Winter Gardens, in connection with the Royal Baths, all provide ample shelter in all weather. The Corporation having recently purchased the Spa Concert Room and Gardens, have made many desirable alterations for the comfort of visitors, including the provision of a beautiful Kursaal. Music is a leading feature in connection with the amusements of Harrogate, and an excellent municipal orchestra gives four performances daily.

While Harrogate is, par excellence, the Mecca of the invalid, it is a remarkable fact that very little is seen of him; either he is speedily cured, or he is lost in the many open spaces with which the town is provided. Harrogate is also a desirable place for the robust lover of healthy exercise. Although a modern place itself, it is within easy reach of numerous places of historic interest. Its near neighbour, Knaresborough, with its romantic old town, with the ruins of its ancient castle dominating the Vale of the Nidd. The town has not changed much since the time when Eugene Aram walked about its streets, and when that remarkable character, "Blind Jack of Knaresborough," acted as guide to the traveller who sought the City of York, some sixteen miles away, at dead of night.

Aldborough, the Isurium of the Romans, is within easy reach of Harrogate, and relics of tesselated pavement, of excellent design and colouring, may still be seen there.

In close proximity to Aldborough stands the ancient town of Boroughbridge, on the outskirts of which are the "Devil's Arrows," huge columns of stone which have puzzled archæologists in all ages.

Daily trips may be made by well-appointed coaches and by rail to Bolton Abbey, Boston Spa, for boating and fishing in the Wharfe; Brimham Rocks, Ripon, and Fountains Abbey; Harewood House, the seat of the Earl of Harewood; Kirkstall Abbey, Tateley Bridge, for the Stump Cross Caverns, Plumpton Rocks, Ribston Hall, where the tree which raised the first Ribston Pippin may still be seen; Spofforth, with its ruined castle and ancient church; York, together with many other places of interest too numerous to mention. Two of the most important factors in these days in gaining popularity for a holiday resort are a good train service and facilities for sport. In both these respects Harrogate is exceptionally well favoured. For the first, the Great Northern Railway run a splendid service of trains between London and Harrogate.

As regards the second, lovers of golf will find an excellent eighteen-hole course at Starbeck, on the

Photo by *Davey*

The Pump Room of the Harrogate Royal Baths

Within the Harrogate district there are no less than eighty known springs, differing in strength and quality, the best known being the Sulphur Springs, the Chloride of Iron spring, and the Crescent Saline Spring. Hardly any other spa in the world has such a variety of medicinal waters. The Royal Baths were erected at a cost of £120,000

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Knaresborough, situated 3½ miles from Harrogate

Knaresborough has many claims on the consideration of the visitor to Harrogate, for it has many historical and archæological associations. Situated on the charming River Nidd, which offers attractions to anglers and other river folk, it is surrounded by some of the finest scenery in that part of England

Knaresborough Road, which is open for the use of visitors upon payment of the usual fee.

A county cricket match is played annually at Harrogate, the fixture this year taking place on July 7 to 9, when Yorkshire meets Kent.

The North of England Lawn Tennis Tournament will be held at Harrogate during the week ending August 20, and on the first of that month important cycle races will take place Harrogate, in the matter of hotels, can vie with the most fashionable resorts in England or on the Continent. The Hotel Majestic, in its beautiful grounds, is a veritable palace, while one can fare no less excellently at the Prospect.

HENRY WALKER

Photos by] **View of Knaresborough Castle and the River Nidd** [*Davey*

The ruined castle on the cliff was dismantled in 1648. Here Richard II. was once imprisoned. At Knaresborough is St. Robert's Cave, where Eugene Aram buried his victim in 1745. Among famous natives of this place are Mother Shipton, John Metcalf, the blind road surveyor, and Bishop Stubbs, while Guy Fawkes was born in the neighbourhood

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For full particulars of these and other Excursions, see the Company's announcements at Stations and Town Offices.

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Mar. 15. Count Okuma, Japan's Opposition Leader	June 7. The Archduke Frederick of Austria
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FASHIONABLE FACTS & FANCIES

By Mrs. JACK MAY

The social wheel has been revolving fast and furious, as is its custom during the week immediately subsequent to Ascot. It is, so to say, the beginning of the end, or the last flare of the candle. No one fashionable has had a moment she could call her own, a condition that always seems to afford those, whose every moment is of precisely the same value, a glow of peculiar satisfaction. There is every appearance, however, that the season will die hard this year. The late Court is certain to give a great impetus, and there are several representative functions, some closely connected with Royalty, still to come off.

The annual show at Stafford House, on Monday, June 20, brought together a goodly concourse of well-known people. It was a glorious day, and some lovely gowns were worn, while favours were about evenly divided between the high crowned broad brimmed hat, bunched with Brobdingnagian roses, and worn at a daring angle, and the modern expression of the mushroom, with a great slice cut out of the back of the brim, and the crown encircled by a very park paling of a tulle ruche

Both Ambrosine and I are considerably enamoured of the latter chapeau, albeit, we see a danger lurking in its annexation by women, born a good twenty years too early. *Arrière* aspects are nowadays so delusively young, it amounts to something akin to an electric shock, to meet a countenance totally at variance in respect of age. There may, of course, be a good deal of stupid tradition about it; but these picturesque pieces of headgear are so indissolubly allied to youthful picture faces, we cannot conscientiously accept any other expression.

Original Design for Muslin Négligé

Matinée of muslin, with a design of violets and mauve ribbons on a cream ground. Cream fichu, held by a puff of mauve satin

The River Hat

And this thought carries us irresistibly on to the advent of the muslin river hat, which is with us again, in all its floppy fascination, that is to say, so far as appearance goes; the reality, happily, comprising certain ingenious pipings and stiffenings, which immediately put a supporting symmetry into these pretty persuasions.

One of the most attractive models to come our way is of self-coloured muslin, pale pink, blue, mauve, or green, the crown of quite appreciable height, run round on heavy cordings, and the brim formed of a plethora of tiny hem-stitched frills. There is, too, a very strong feeling for a folded muslin shape, usually white, relieved by scarves of soft coloured ribbon, while yet another is laid in a wealth of the tiniest gauged tucks, the edge of the brim defined by the narrowest dull gold lace.

The lace lappet strings have become veritably ubiquitous. There is no denying the artistic appearance of these, and the long tapering outline they impart to the face prove becoming in the majority of cases. Those of us who propose to do our Henley in small boats are beginning to agitate ourselves over fitting garb. A tailor affectation of cream serge, flannel, or hopsack undoubtedly holds the van of attraction, although coarse white embroidered linen frocks will run in close rivalry. These last sound so gloriously simple and possible, do they

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not? One's heart goes out to them in a burst of economical fervour, but, alas! here, again, is a modistic fallacy, for the embroidered linen frock of our best affections, is of decidedly costly conduct, and no amount of cheap plagiarism will ever render it otherwise.

Nevertheless Ambrosine, who has been going into the question of sales, the majority whereof, by-the-way, made a start on the 27th, has discovered some quite possible unmade embroidered linen blouses, which she advocates being put together at home, together with a plain linen skirt, which is inlet with lines of coarse Cluny lace, a decoration that is to be repeated with discretion on the blouse, to enhance the paucity of the stitchery there.

This lace idea was suggested by a certain sale bargain, that is being cleared in several widths at the uniform price of 2¾*d.* a yard. From Ambrosine's account, this must be an unprecedented event, but we must leave the big sale question in its entirety until next week, when we shall, so to say, be armed to the teeth with privileged information. For these great bargain hunts attacked in a casual spirit are the veriest pitfalls, and a sure road to penury. At the same time, there is every good reason to believe that the season having in a sense been disappointing, the sales will make an especially good show, notably at Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street, and Peter Robinson's, Regent Street, admirably illustrated catalogues having been compiled by both houses, which, if sent for and studied, preparatory to a visit, are likely to prove in the best sense helpful. But more of this anon. Meanwhile, we have a mission to discant on some casement curtains, recently revealed to us at

Messrs. Heal and Son's

of Tottenham Court Road. As behoves an establishment which was first in the field with flax linen for drapery purposes, the lead is again taken with a range of artistic casement blinds and curtains, in mohair, printed Egyptian cotton, and the like, that will take long to find a rival. Looking backwards, it seems as though it were only the other day when this window drapery question was causing us a world of anxiety. Where to go, what to buy, and how to treat what we had bought, were all questions replete with vexed anxiety; until Messrs. Heal and Son, perceiving the problem with that fine acumen which characterises them, promptly set to work to make the crooked path straight, and now to-day what they do not know on this subject is scarcely worth a moment's discussion.

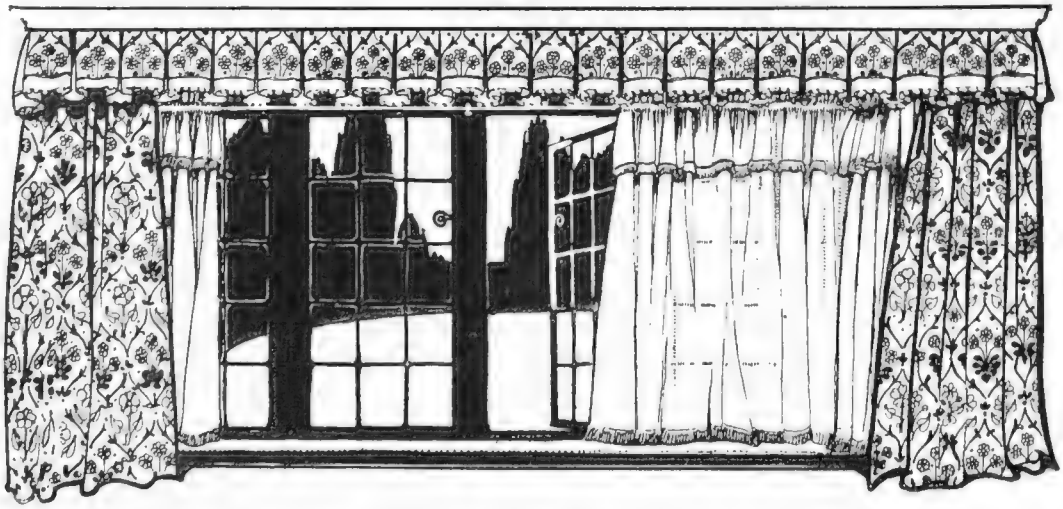
In the matter of these mohair casement blinds, they have created a demand that is taking them all their energies to supply, and they are offering a plain quality 52 inches wide at 2*s.* 3*d.* a yard, a more elaborate effort taking the form of a hand stencilled design.

In place of the perishable tussore, they are using a simply delightful Egyptian cotton, which also frequently bears a stencilled pattern, and this commences at only 1*s.* 6*d.* a yard. Then the more familiar flax linen is shown in a bewildering wealth of printed designs and fancies, all absolutely exclusive ideas and, without exception, in the most perfect taste, conventional for the most part. Notably among the most successful designs come the Dell, the Pansy, The Wheatear, a quite irresistible Trellis Peacock, and the Daisy and Buttercup, the latter being shown in the accompanying picture, together with the above-mentioned mohair casement curtains.

Though, perhaps, the really most interesting feature of the collection is found in some printed linens that evince every promise of superseding chintz. These are all reproductions of old embroideries, taken from samplers, tapestries, and the like, and the colourings achieved are quite incomparable. Taking into consideration the novelty of the notion, the choice is remarkably large, but Messrs. Heal and Son have obviously a great deal more yet to reveal in this connection.

A Cool Negligé

should be indispensable at this time of the year, so in view of the reduced lengths of dainty flowered muslins and mercerised cottons to be picked up at the sales, we offer a simple model, the fulness drawn high up about the figure, Empire fashion, and concluding about the shoulders in a low, draped fichu of soft white muslin, frilled round with lace.



Mohair Casement Curtains, with Daisy and Buttercup Design

The Bystander, June 29, 1904

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 30.—Vol. III. Wednesday, June 29, 1904. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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TUNBRIDGE WELLS (near). — Within 2½ miles of good station. To be SOLD, this beautiful RESIDENCE, situate 500ft. above sea-level, approached by carriage drive with lodge entrance: 7 reception, 19 bedrooms, stabling for 5, lodge, cottages. 50 acres. Price, Freehold, £14,000. Would be Let Furnished. (12,296)

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FURNISHED FLAT, with unique outlook over many acres of park, to be LET. On 4th floor, charmingly arranged: 3 bedrooms, 2 reception rooms, bathroom, kitchen, &c. Ready for occupation. Very low rental of 3 guineas per week, or less for longer term. (3,223)

OXFORD STREET, W. (4 doors from).—Very fine UPPER PART, admirably suited for private residence, to LET: 6 bedrooms, bath & 3 reception rooms, kitchen & usual offices, cellars, &c. Private entrance. Moderate Rent—Agents, GILLOWS, opposite (3,233)

PORTLAND PLACE (close to).—An ideal FLAT for anyone seeking well-furnished & comfortable quarters in a thoroughly central position, at reasonable rent: 3 bed, bath & 2 reception rooms. Second floor (lift). Central hot water. Electric light. Rent only 6 guineas per week for any term.—GILLOWS. (3,190)

ASHLEY GARDENS, S.W.—An attractive & excellently Furnished FLAT, on the 1st floor, to be LET. Accommodation: 5 bedrooms, bathroom, & 3 reception rooms. Rent only 10 gs. per week for any term. Inspected & recommended by GILLOWS. (3,136)

EXCELLENTLY FURNISHED FLAT, in Clarence Gate Gardens, Regent's Park, containing: 2 bedrooms, bathroom, & 2 reception rooms, kitchen, & good offices. The low rental of 2½ gs. per week would be accepted from a careful tenant.—Agents, GILLOWS.

CADOGAN SQUARE (close to).—To be LET Furnished, attractive BIJOU RESIDENCE: 3 bed, bath, 2 double reception rooms; newly decorated; electric light. Rent, 4 gs. week. (39,117)

CAVENDISH SQUARE (close to).—£8,750 will secure the 50 years' lease of a capital modernised RESIDENCE: 10 bed, 2 bath, 4 reception, billiard room, &c. (40,136)

GLOUCESTER SQUARE (just out of).—An excellent RESIDENCE, 9 bed, bath, 3 reception, & billiard room. Rent, £235. Prem., £100. (40,149)

BAYSWATER HILL.—To LET or for SALE, an exceptionally attractive modern RESIDENCE. 8 bed, 2 dressing, 2 bath, & 4 reception rooms. Lease, 88 years. Price, £4,250, or Rent on lease, £300. 40,141

EATON SQUARE.—Specially designed & perfectly appointed RESIDENCE, fitted with passenger lift: 10 bed, dressing, 2 bath, 4 reception & billiard room. Price, £10,800. 40,129

KENSINGTON.—Convenient, well arranged villa RESIDENCE, 5 bed, bath, 2 reception rooms. Lease, 55 years. Price, £750. Part could remain on mortgage. 40,142

ST. JOHN'S WOOD (close to Lord's).—A very charming HOUSE, containing: 14 bed, 2 bath, 4 reception, full sized billiard room; large garden. Price, £6,000. (40,138)

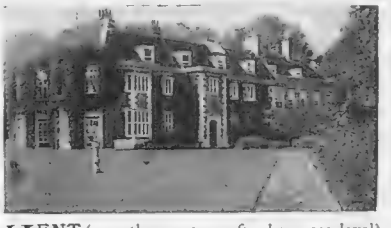
REGENT'S PARK.—Well built RESIDENCE, standing in 1 acre of ground: 7 bed, bath, & 3 fine reception rooms. (40,138)

FINCHLEY.—To LET or for SALE, an excellent little RESIDENCE, containing: 4 bed, bath, & 2 reception rooms. (40,122)

REGENT'S PARK.—£210 per ann. for a delightful RESIDENCE, standing in well wooded grounds of 2½ acres: 8 bed, 2 bath, 6 reception rooms; stabling for 4. An offer of £2,500 will be considered. (40,127)

COUNTRY HOUSES AND ESTATES. —Messrs. GILLOWS are exclusively appointed agents for many of the choicest available PROPERTIES, to be SOLD or LET, both Furnished & Unfurnished. Estate Offices, 406, Oxford Street (entrance at 48, Duke Street), W.

WILTS.—To be SOLD, a magnificent Residential & Sporting ESTATE of about 2,400 acres, together with handsome MANSION standing in beautifully wooded park, approached by avenue carriage drive ½ a mile long: accommodation: 5 reception, 19 bedrooms, stabling for 12, several cottages, good outbuildings, splendid shooting, 2,700 acres of covert; good hunting district. (10,754)



KENT (near the coast, 500 ft. above sea-level). —To be LET, Furnished, or SOLD, the above beautiful Old English MANOR HOUSE, standing in midst of beautiful estate of 4,400 acres, approached by a carriage drive, containing: Billiard, 6 reception, 23 bed & dressing rooms; stabling for 15; old park, pleasure grounds; kitchen gardens; charming old church in grounds; hunting, golf.—GILLOWS have inspected and recommend. (12,088)

WITHIN AN HOUR OF TOWN.—To be LET, Furnished, for a term of years, a Family MANSION, magnificently situate in deer park of 400 acres; billiard & 4 reception rooms, 28 bed & dressing rooms; stabling for 15, cottages, shooting over 4,300 acres. Game bag on application. (12,295)

YORKS (West Riding).—To be SOLD, an important FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL ESTATE, comprising 4,400 acres, with noble mansion, surrounded by finely timbered park. Accommodation: sitting hall, billiard and 7 reception, 24 bedrooms; stabling for 23; farms and several residences well let, bringing in substantial income. (10,824)

EASTERN COUNTIES.—To be SOLD, a Sporting ESTATE, extending over 300 acres, which afford first-class shooting. The family mansion contains some 20 bedrooms and good reception rooms; commodious stabling, farm and good outbuildings, cottages, lodge, etc. Game bag on application.—GILLOWS, as above. (12,008)

NEAR GOODWOOD

SUSSEX (in a magnificent position overlooking beautifully wooded Estates and common land).—To be LET, Furnished, this comfortable RESIDENCE, comprising: 4 reception and 14 bedrooms, stabling, lodge entrance. A low rent will be accepted. Inspected by GILLOWS (12,108)

406, OXFORD STREET (Entrance 48, Duke Street), LONDON, W.

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PERFECT COUNTRY. DRIVE OF TOWN.

"BENTLEY PRIORY," STANMORE (for some years the abode of the late Frederick Gordon, Esq.).—To be LET, Furnished, for the summer or by the year, this notable COUNTRY MANSION (formerly a Royal Residence) of considerable historic interest, occupying a healthy and open position in an extensive and handsomely timbered deer park and commanding delightful views: it is approached by lengthy drives from lodge entrances, and comprises handsome entrance hall, smoking-room, magnificent conservatory (a very striking feature of the Mansion (spacious inner hall, elegant drawing-room 30ft. by 28ft., boudoir, charming music room, noble ball room, splendid dining room, spacious billiard room (2 tables), and every convenience in the shape of lavatories, etc., with complete and convenient offices; above are 24 excellent bed and dressing rooms, 5 bathrooms, etc.; the whole premises are lighted by electricity, and the Mansion is most elegantly furnished and appointed; stabling for about 20 horses, coachman's and groom's rooms. The grounds are singularly beautiful and varied; there are exquisite pleasure gardens, a noted cedar garden, sloping South terraces, woods, tennis, and croquet lawns, etc.; fine kitchen gardens, and complete range of glasshouses; full South aspect. This remarkably attractive Residence, with its unrivalled surroundings, forms one of the choicest abodes, and has the unique advantage of being within driving distance of Town, and yet in perfect country, and close to famous golf links.—For full particulars and orders to view, apply HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

IN AN UNRIVALLED POSITION COMMANDING UNEQUALLED VIEWS.

HANTS (near Ventnor, in the most beautiful part of the Island).—For SALE, at a very low figure, a singularly choice and charming RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, standing high and well sheltered. The Residence, most substantially built of stone, is approached by long carriage drive with lodge at entrance, and contains: 4 handsome reception rooms, full-sized billiard room, excellent domestic offices, and 17 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; Company's water and gas laid on throughout; away from the house is the stabling, approached by separate entrance, and comprising 4 stalls, 2 loose boxes, harness room, standing for 4 carriages, coachman's house, etc. The grounds are one of the special features of the Property, and, although only about 13 acres in extent, are not overlooked, and are so diversified and undulating that there is the appearance and charm of 30 acres, lovely walks for miles through the woods, shrubberies, and by the sea, to which there is extensive frontage, 2 tennis lawns, 2 fine kitchen gardens, range of glasshouses, summer-houses, and about 6 acres of good meadowland.—Price and further particulars of Messrs. SCATCHERD, HOPKINS and MIDDLEBROOKS, Solicitors, Prudential Buildings, Leeds; and of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W., who have personally inspected and can strongly recommend this delightful Property. Photos at Offices.

SCOTLAND, LOW TERMS.

INVERNESS.—To be LET, Furnished, for Summer, or longer, or Unfurnished, or would be SOLD, the above attractive RESIDENCE, occupying a healthy and inviting situation on the outskirts of Inverness. It stands in picturesque well laid out grounds of about 3 acres, and contains: 3 large reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 2 w.c.'s, laundry, and usual offices; stabling for 2 horses, coach-house and outbuildings; there are flower and kitchen gardens, tennis lawn, laundry green, shrubberies, and wooded hill with fine views; gravel soil; modern sanitation; gas and water laid on; 2 miles from golf links. The Property is prettily placed on the River Ness, and the district affords numerous delightful drives and excursions; church, shops, postal telegraph office, etc., all very convenient.—For terms, apply HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

BEAUTIFULLY TIMBERED RESIDENTIAL ESTATE.

Sussex, near Goodwood and Chichester, only two and a half miles from Chichester Station and town, with its fine old Cathedral and interesting buildings, and about three and a half miles from Goodwood Racecourse.

HAMPTON and SONS will SELL by AUCTION, at the Mart, E.C., on Friday, July 22, at Two (unless previously disposed of by private treaty), the attractive Freehold Residential Property known as

NORTHLANDS, CHICHESTER,

in the parish of Funtington, in a beautifully wooded country, and lying most compact within a ring fence, possessing extensive frontages to high roads, and almost surrounded by a belt of heavy timber. The gentleman's residence stands almost in the centre of the estate, and occupies an exceptionally choice situation, commanding beautiful views of the Isle of Wight and Chichester Harbour. The house contains: lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, conservatory, staircase hall, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 3 men's rooms, housekeeper's room, servants' hall, and offices: modern drainage, ample water, gravel soil; capital stabling for 7 horses, two coach houses; shady lawns, croquet lawn, walled kitchen garden, orchard and vinery, with a picturesque cottage for gardener; ample farm buildings, including barn, cowhouses for 12 cows, stabling, and sheds. The total area of the property is about 100 acres of finely timbered park and wood land, with a thick belt of timber and extensive shrubbery walk on both sides of the park.

Particulars, with plans and conditions of sale, of the Solicitors, Messrs. Roper, Freeland, and Tyacke, Chichester; and of the Auctioneers, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

PRETTIEST PART OF SUSSEX.

NORTH LODGE, NEWICK.

THIS charming old-fashioned COUNTRY HOUSE for SALE, or would be LET, Unfurnished: 150 feet above sea, sandstone subsoil. Contains hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bath, and offices: good stabling: pretty gardens; small farm, with house and buildings, in all 15 acres. Price only £4,000.—Sole Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 1, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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IN THE FAVOURITE DISTRICT OF COOKHAM. 3 MIN. FROM THE RIVER.

TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED OR FURNISHED.

THE ABOVE ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE, occupying an open and exceedingly pleasant situation in its own tastefully laid out grounds. It contains: 4 spacious reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, excellent offices with servants' hall; stabling for 2, coachman's accommodation; pretty grounds of about an acre, with tennis lawn, flower garden, kitchen garden, etc. Moderate rent.—Full details of HAMPTON and SONS, Estate Agents, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY.

HANDSOMELY FURNISHED RESIDENCE in one of the most beautiful parts of Sussex to be LET, on specially moderate terms, for summer; it contains 6 reception rooms, over 20 bedrooms; stabling for 10 horses, with men's rooms; extensive and picturesque gardens, with fine conservatory. — Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

Beautiful Gardens.—Medium-sized House.

HATFIELD (within an easy drive, and under a mile from a station on the main G.N.Ry.—To be LET, Unfurnished, a charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE, situate over 400 ft. above sea-level on gravel soil, and commanding exceptionally fine views from the principal rooms, extending as far as St. Alban's Abbey. The accommodation includes 2 halls, 4 good reception rooms, and billiard room, 14 bed and dressing rooms, 2 staircases, fitted bathroom, and convenient domestic offices, and cellars; gas and water laid on, main drainage. The grounds are exceptionally attractive, possessing a wealth of fine old timber, also a stretch of ornamental water, two tennis courts, two kitchen gardens, &c., in all about 7 acres, together with about 33 acres of rich old grassland: stabling for 6, laundry, cowhouses, lodge, and gardener's cottage. Inspected and recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2, and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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WITHIN 40 MINUTES OF TOWN.

HERTS (Arkley).—To be LET, Unfurnished, a charming and most conveniently situated RESIDENCE, standing in its own well laid out grounds, of about 2 acres, with tennis and croquet lawns, flower and kitchen gardens, greenhouse. It contains: 3 reception-rooms, billiard-room, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, and usual offices. Conservatory, stabling for 3 horses, coach house, grooms' rooms, outbuildings, cottage, and paddock. —Further particulars of the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 1,754)

SUSSEX (near Eastbourne).—To be LET furnished, this perfectly arranged picturesque MANSION, standing amidst a beautiful park of 120 acres, and commanding magnificent views over land and sea. The Residence contains: grand hall, 4 reception rooms, billiard room, 25 bed and dressing rooms, 7 bathrooms, etc. Stabling for 9 horses and several men's rooms, beautiful formal and wild gardens, terrace walks, tennis and croquet lawns, grand old oakbeamed garden, tea house, and other delightful features. Further particulars of the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), who have personally inspected and can strongly recommend this glorious abode. (F 1,600)

HUNTS (St. Neots). (Within 2 miles of a station.)—To be LET furnished, a charmingly situated RESIDENCE, standing well back from the road in its own pretty grounds of about 2 acres. It contains: lounge hall, 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, schoolroom, bathroom (h. and c.), and offices. Stabling for 3 horses. Rent, 10 guineas per week. Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 2,021)

TOWN HOUSES

HARRODS (Ltd.) are the appointed Agents for all the principal Residences on the Belgravia and Cadogan Estates and in the Kensington district, and have also many of these available in Mayfair and Hyde Park. A selected List will be forwarded on receipt of requirements.

One minute from Hyde Park.

KNIGHTSBRIDGE.—Well and completely arranged Bijou RESIDENCE to be LET Unfurnished, with immediate possession. The accommodation comprises: 5 bedrooms, 2 reception rooms, and good offices. The lease has 12 years unexpired at the very low rental of £90 per annum.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

One of the Healthiest Spots in Town.

CAMPDEN HILL.—Well-furnished and arranged RESIDENCE to be LET, comprising: 6 bedrooms, 3 reception rooms, bathroom, and good domestic offices. Modern drainage and electric light throughout. Rent only 3½gs. per week for six months, or longer.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

SOUTH KENSINGTON.—Very well furnished and appointed FLAT to be LET at once, containing: 5 bedrooms, 2 good reception-rooms, bathroom, and complete domestic offices. Electric light and every modern convenience.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

Within one minute of the Oratory.

EGERTON MANSIONS.—One of these very well furnished and arranged little MAISONETTES to be LET at once, containing: 3 bedrooms, 2 good reception rooms, bathroom, and usual domestic offices. Rent only 3gs. per week for three months. — Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

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HARRODS (Ltd.) are the Sole Agents for many of the principal blocks of FLATS in the Belgravia and Cadogan Estates. Rents from £70 to £700 per annum and also furnished from 3gs. to 30gs. per week. A carefully selected List will be sent on receipt of requirements.

Rent, £90 per annum.

LEICESTERSHIRE (Market Harborough).— To be LET, Unfurnished, a charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE, in a favourite hunting centre. It contains: 3 reception, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom and usual offices. Stabling for 9 horses, pretty pleasure and flower gardens, walled kitchen garden, orchard and paddock, in all about 4 acres. Hunting 6 days a week. Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

SUFFOLK (near Ipswich).—To be LET. Furnished, this beautifully placed RESIDENCE, approached by a carriage drive, and standing in its own shady, tastefully laid-out grounds of about 6 acres, tennis and croquet lawns, pretty flower garden, shady walks, etc. The House is well furnished, and contains: 5 reception rooms, school room, housekeeper's room, 14 bedrooms, bathroom, play room, and excellent offices; stabling for 6 horses, also vinery and conservatory. Rent 12-14 guineas per week.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 1,939)

ISLE OF WIGHT (Bembridge).—To be LET, Furnished, a most pleasantly situated RESIDENCE, within three minutes of the sea, and standing in its own pretty grounds, with tennis lawn. It contains: hall, 3 reception, 8 bedrooms, bathroom; gas and water laid on.—Rent and further particulars of the Agents, as above.

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£100 PER ANNUM.—A picturesque old MANOR HOUSE modernised, and 7 acres of well-timbered land. Square hall, 3 good reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, and offices. Stabling for 3. 1½ miles from station, and about 2 hours from London. OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

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£120 PER ANNUM.—To be LET, or might be SOLD, a XVIIth Century RESIDENCE, on the outskirts of interesting old town, with 16 acres of splendidly-timbered grounds. 12 bed, 4 reception rooms, hall, bathroom, etc. Premium. — OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

SEVENOAKS.

£125 PER ANNUM.—Oak panelled cottage RESIDENCE, on gravel soil, in a magnificent position: 2 or 3 reception, 7 bed and bath rooms, offices: 3½ acres of gardens, log hut, and cottage. Overlooking large private park, and 500ft. above sea.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

HISTORICAL THAMES ISLAND.

£165 PER ANNUM. — Attractive, old-fashioned, creeper-clad RESIDENCE, adorned with fine old carved oak work and beamed ceilings; 5 acres of most delightful grounds; fine old hall, 3 reception, 7 bed and bathrooms; stabling. An ideal abode.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

HALF AN HOUR NORTH.

£250 PER ANNUM.—An unique, old-fashioned country RESIDENCE, in park land of nearly 10 acres, and commanding view of a delightful character. Contains: square panelled hall, 4 reception rooms, 13 bedrooms, and capital offices; stabling and cottage. Picturesque grounds, wide-spreading lawns, tennis court, and meadow. OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

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£3,400 FOR EXCEPTIONALLY WELL-BUILT RESIDENCE, in a bracing position, and with particularly well-timbered grounds of 5 acres: 3 reception rooms, 6 or 7 bedrooms, bathroom, and capital offices; stabling and outbuildings. Water and gas laid on. Immediate possession if required.—Particulars of OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

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£4,500.—A favourable opportunity of securing a delightful medium-sized RESIDENCE, splendidly fitted with every convenience and luxury: 8 bedrooms, 3 reception and sitting hall; stabling and 5 acres of grounds.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

FREEHOLD.

£6,500.—One hour from Town, in a Southern Home County, in a pretty district with views of great beauty.—A delightful RESIDENCE, containing: square hall, 3 reception, 11 bedrooms, bathroom, servants' hall, and good offices; 16 acres of lovely old gardens, finely-timbered grounds and meadowland, stabling, and cottage. Gas and water; near a main line station.—Highly recommended by OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

150 TO 400 ACRES.—A small RESIDENTIAL and SPORTING PROPERTY in Mid-Hants, 500ft. above sea, in a dry and bracing situation and in a good hunting and shooting neighbourhood. Ivy-covered, medium sized residence homestead, bailiff's house, cottages, and outbuildings. Will be divided to suit purchase and large amount can remain on mortgage.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

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WANTED to PURCHASE on the G.W. Ry., in a high position, and preferably in Gloucestershire, a Gentleman's RESIDENCE, containing 16 to 18 bedrooms, surrounded by small park of 30 to 50 acres. About £12,000 will be given. Replies to Sir Frederick, c/o OWEN WALLIS, 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

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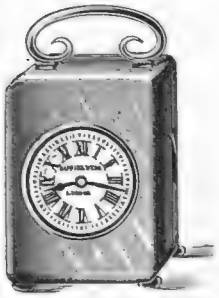

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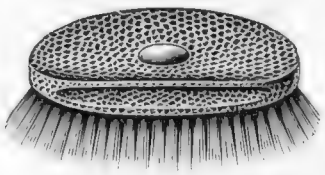
Velvet Case, 10s. 6d.
Height, 3 in.

Sterling Silver Double-Opening Cigar and Cigarette Box, Enamelled in Dark Blue Letters, lined Cedarwood.
Size, 9½ in. by 6½ in. by 2¾ in. deep, £13 10s.
Ditto, without Enamelling, £12



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Sterling Silver Concave Military Hair Brushes	£2 2 0	£1 17 6 each.
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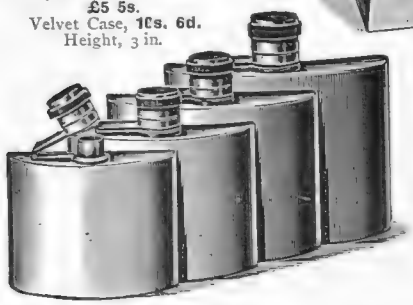

Sterling Silver "Prince of Wales" Flasks.
£1 15s., £2 2s., £2 7s 6d., £2 15s.

Sterling Silver Cigar Lighter, from the original in the British Museum, £6 6s.

Sterling Silver Concave Cigarette Cases, 18s., 21s., and 25s.
9-ct. Gold .. £8 10s.
15-ct. ,, .. £16 10s.
18-ct. ,, .. £2

Sterling Silver Plain Tobacco Jar with Damper.
Height, 5 in., £5 5s.
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MESSRS. J. DEGE and SONS beg to draw attention to their Seamless Knee Grip Breeches, which are by far the most comfortable at present in use. Their invention does not only reduce the chafing of the knee-tone to a minimum, but clears away all the superfluous length at back of knee, which is so objectionable in ordinary cut breeches.

Also to a new

STOCKINETTE CLOTH

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GOLFING, FISHING and SHOOTING COATS.

These Cloths, being Elastic, give greater freedom to the wearer than the ordinary Tweeds, and are quite as durable

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ADDITIONAL EXPRESS TRAINS WILL BE RUN FOR TOURIST PASSENGERS FROM LONDON, BIRMINGHAM, LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER, AND OTHER PROVINCIAL TOWNS TO NORTH WALES, BLACKPOOL, MORECAMBE, THE ENGLISH LAKES, AND TO SCOTLAND.

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Commencing 1st July, a new Express Train will be run between Liverpool, Manchester, and other parts of the L. & N.W. system and Brighton, Eastbourne, Hastings, and other South Coast Stations.

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A Breakfast Car is attached to the Morning Boat Train for Belfast, which leaves Greenore after arrival of the Express Steamer in connection with the 7.30 p.m. Fast Train from Euston.

A Dining Car is run by the 6.45 p.m. Train from Belfast to Greenore, which connects with the Express Boat and Train Service (*vid* Holyhead) to London and all parts of England.

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All the world over, King Baby is a monarch vested with autocratic power, and the question as to how he or she shall be clothed, fed, and conveyed around is a never-ending source of interest to mother and nurse—the conveyance more especially, perhaps to the latter, since the car is a very important part of her *entourage*. Now, far be it from us to enter into a dissertation on the domestic question; but this much I personally am prepared to vouch for — that the mother who—panders, shall we say?—a little to the nurse's natural pride in owning a baby carriage *sans reproche*, with which, by the aid of dainty shades and covers, the latter can arouse envy in the hearts of her companions similarly employed, paves at least one path to peace.

For, shut our eyes to it as we may, the modern nurse is an exigeant personage, and where the solid excellence, to say nothing of the elegance of a baby car is concerned, you cannot deceive the humblest underling.

Now, admittedly, one of the best successes in this *galère* is the Biarritz car, built by Messrs. Hitchings, of London, Manchester, and Liverpool fame, whose chief town depôt is 86, New Bond Street, W.

This is built, as our illustration indicates, in cane of the finest hand work, and is adjustable in two seconds from a reclining to a sitting car. In fact, it serves at once the double end of the old-styled perambulator and mail cart. The small occupant is started on the Cee springs of life, and reposes on beautifully finished upholstery. The hood can be replaced, thanks to a patent adjustable joint, by a parasol canopy, while a hollow rimmed wheel is fitted with the best white rubber tyre.

The Cabriolet car is another exceptionally smart little turn-out, the handle-bar coming at the back; and with this model Messrs. Hitchings use a hood of fine waterproof leather cloth, and their new sanitary leather cloth, which can be washed with impunity. Apparently, too, they have the monopoly of the select baby-carriage trade, if one may judge by the orders that reach Messrs. Hitchings from almost every foreign court. And yet, nothwithstanding this marked preference, the firm have, by dispensing with agents, kept their prices well within reasonable limits.

The Menu

SAVOURY DISHES

A very tempting, and, at the same time, a substantial dish is a mushroom omelet. For this the mushrooms require to have the skins and stalks removed, and to be cut into small pieces, then cooked in the butter, in the omelet pan until tender. When done, sprinkle them with pepper and salt, and pour in the slightly-beaten eggs, two or four, according to the size of the omelet; let these be disturbed as little as possible. As soon as it is set, put it on a hot oven for two minutes, then pass a knife underneath, and turn over on to a hot dish. There are few savouries to equal this. An equally delicious omelet is made with oysters, a proportion of two oysters to each egg, only in this case the whites and yolks are beaten with a whisk, and in separate basins. The oysters and their liquor are added to the yolks, also a spoonful of cream, and seasoning to taste, last of all the frothed whites. Then the mixture is poured into the melted butter and treated as usual. A very good way of cooking a chicken is *en casserole*, in fact, meat, poultry, game and fish are far more tender done in this way than if stewed according to the usual methods, as the goodness of the meat is better preserved and a far better flavour obtained. It is also the best way of keeping a meal for a late comer, as the contents, in a casserole dish, will remain hot, either in the oven, or in front of the dining-room fire, for many hours, without being spoiled.

CHICKEN EN CASSEROLE

Cut up two chickens (or a large fowl) into neat joints and pieces; remove the skin and as many of the small bones as possible. Put two large tablespoonfuls of frying oil into a sauté pan; watch it carefully, and directly it begins to smoke, put in a few pieces of chicken at a time and fry them, turning them frequently until they are quite white; then remove them from the pan and drain them very thoroughly on soft paper. Add a little more oil as may be necessary, but be sure the proper degree of heat is reached before the chicken is put in, and on no account allow the latter to become brown. Cook 2 oz. of butter and 2 oz. of flour together for a few minutes without letting the mixture acquire any colour, then add by degrees 1½ pints of chicken and veal stock (mixed in equal proportions) which has been flavoured with vegetables, herbs, spices, and a slice of ham or bacon. When the sauce is smooth and thick, colour it with sufficient Parisian essence to make it a clear, but not dark, brown, stir in a wineglassful of sherry and a teaspoonful of tarragon vinegar, and ascertain if any more salt or pepper is required; strain the sauce into the casserole, and add the chicken; cover closely with buttered paper before putting on the lid and let it cook in a moderately hot oven for an hour if chickens are used, and for at least half-an-hour longer if a fowl of uncertain age has to be considered. About a quarter of an hour before the meat is ready, add the contents of a small bottle of mushrooms, or, if in season, some oysters which have been blanched and scalded would be suitable, or ribbon macaroni which has been well boiled would be an economical substitute for either of the garnishes mentioned. Pigeons, pheasants, rabbits, and veal (the last cut into small cutlets) can be cooked according to the above recipe.

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HENLEY WEEK: The "Bystander" Prize Cup

This beautiful solid silver flower and salad bowl, of a fluted design, is offered by the proprietors of "The Bystander" to the owner of the houseboat, which, during Henley week, in the eyes of the judges, shall appear to be the best decorated by flowers or other means. The judges will decide on the winner, and we shall subsequently publish a photograph of the winning houseboat. College barges and launches can compete. The judges will not personally visit any of the houseboats, but will be taken round the course in a launch. There are no conditions of entry required in the competition. The cup will become the absolute property of the winner, and its value is £10 10s. It was designed and manufactured by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, and is now on view at the office of "The Daily Graphic," 190, Strand, W.C

THE EDITOR'S BOX

Sale of Whitaker Wright's Residence

The late Mr. Whitaker Wright's palatial residence, Lea Park. Witley, Surrey, is, we notice, to be offered at auction in July by Messrs. Hampton and Sons. The whole estate extends to some 1,436 acres, and comprises the Manor of Witley, with its 1,400 acres of unenclosed heathland, stretching as far as Hindhead and including the Devil's Punch Bowl.

The G.N.R. Improved Holiday Service

The immense facilities now at the disposal of the ordinary holiday traveller may be guessed from a glance at the alterations and additions to the Great Northern Railway train service, which come into force on July 1 for the holiday season. The 10 a.m. Scotch day corridor, luncheon, and dining car express has been duplicated, extra trains are to be run (including a special Highland sleeping car express), and the service generally has been accelerated and extended so as to meet in every possible way the convenience of the travelling public. Improved service has also been arranged for the holiday resorts of north and east England. Luncheon cars are now attached, between London and York, to the 1.40 p.m. express to Harrogate, Ripon, etc.

Agricultural Show at Park Royal

Not the least interesting feature is the Royal pavilion, with its large reception, dining and cosy retiring rooms, which Messrs. Shoolbred and Co. have decorated and furnished with refined taste in a truly home-like manner, reminding one of an ideal country mansion of the late eighteenth century.

A Magazine for Motorists

What should we do without magazines to cheer us? This question is suggested by seeing our contemporary, the *Car Magazine*, of which the first number of a new series has recently appeared. It is beautifully illustrated and thoroughly interesting from the beginning to the end of its 112 pages. The *Car Magazine*, although primarily dealing with the lighter side of motoring, is very catholic in its tastes. From Sahara to America and back again to delightful spots on the Continent is a far cry, but all these things come under the scope of our contemporary.

Trips to Shakespeare's Country

In order to afford Shakespearean enthusiasts and the public generally facilities for visiting the interesting country connected with the birth and life of the immortal bard, the London and North Western Company are announcing day excursions every Wednesday and Saturday from Euston to Stratford-on-Avon. Tickets are also issued for a coach drive, enabling passengers to visit Warwick Castle, Guy's Cliffe, and Kenilworth Castle, and return to London from Kenilworth Station.

The Playgoers' Fete

The Playgoers' Club has arranged an Illuminated Fête at the Botanical Gardens, for Tuesday, July 19.

BOOKS RECEIVED

"Royal Academy Pictures." (Cassell and Co., 7*s.* 6*d.*)

"The Ship of Stars." By A. T. Quiller-Couch. (Cassell and Co.) Sixpence.

"Cassell's History of the Russo-Japanese War." Part 6. Sixpence net.

REPRINTS

"The Lady of the Lake." With illustrations in colours, etc. (A. and C. Black: 5*s.* net.)

"Defoe's Journal of the Plague Year" (Newnes' Thin Paper Classics, leather, 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The Ingoldsby Legends." (Newnes' Thin Paper Classics lambskin, 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

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